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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Dearth of Invention

LET us consider the Diary as the heraldic emblem of the creative writing of our day! A notebook or a memory packed with facts appears to be the most important part of a modern author's equipment. In many of the best modern works of literature that pass for novels there has been an ever-increasing recourse to autobiography thinly veiled, a heavier and heavier dependence upon personal memories photographically reproduced. There has been a corresponding decay of what was once the creative writer's chiefest gift, and, in fact, his *raison d'être,* the Power of Invention.

We find invention today, for the most part, in the pay of our lesser novelists, of the spinners of mere "yarns," of the fabricators of amiable potboilers or of garish "mystery" or "sex" stories. Those who consider themselves "serious artists" have, it seems to us, come more and more to eschew invention as somehow tainted with the meretricious. The centres of action of their books are too often their own personalities posturing in the spotlight of memory, with a subordinate caste of obviously inferior characters arranged as mere foils to the psychic exploits of the ego. Egoistic fiction has, in fact, reached its zenith, and some years hence, when we find again (as we may) works of the intellect combining the observation of human nature which they often at present hold in solution with that power of invention which seems to constitute their present lack, we may begin to perceive what we have been missing.

For the great writers of the past were affluent in invention. Consider even such a work as Defoe's "Journal of the Plague Year." It possessed all the moving power of documented authenticity and yet was largely a work of the purest invention. Its sign of genius remains that, though great things may be done with a notebook, the greatest of all gifts is to make the thing imagined seem even more real than the actual.

Neither does the exercise of literary invention preclude the possibility of that probing psychological analysis so popular today. We have only to cite Dostoievsky's "Crime and Punishment," wherein a record of the most devious psychological and pathological states is involved in a story and with the characters of a story which constantly manifest the author's supreme powers of invention.

But invention is by no means to be confused with mere ingenuity. The definition of the word may, in our day, have fallen upon evil usage, yet in true literary invention subsists that prime quality of imagination which distinguishes genius from talent. Hence our regret at observing the comparative contempt with which invention seems to be regarded at the present time. For the most absurd of all contentions is that it is impossible to invent and at the same time to remain "true to life" and to the reality behind the facts. It is, obviously, not because they possess invention that our minor writers of fiction remain minor, but because they do *not* possess an intelligence commanding enough to make any proper use of the gift. Yet those who might make the proper use of it seem, in the meanwhile, absorbed only in assembling a dead-weight of raw material, a carcass of cold fact unenergized, unvitalized by the one quality that should distinguish a writer from the average man literate enough to express an opinion on paper.

Invention is, of course, no mere weaving out of thin air, but an animating of the material of experience. Invented characters may take on a thousand attributes of the living; invented scenes reflect many remembered scenes; invented episodes transfigure actual experience. But always there is this transfiguration! From earthy matter emerge salient, moving, beautiful contours. Invention is the most intense breathing of fiery life into dull clay!

In modern novels, what a paucity of literary characters is our present allotment, compared with the living gallery bequeathed us by more spacious times! This indicates the desuetude into which contemporary invention has fallen. Meanwhile, we have learned a great deal, so far in the twentieth century, about the "inner workings" of the *genus author.* But an intelligent lecture hardly compensates for an empty stage, when we expected a pageant of the joys and sorrows of a mimic but memorable world!

Niobe

By RICHARD CHURCH

OH stricken father; gather up your burden.
Your hopes are gone; this is all you have.
This was your blossom; now it is broken.
This was your laughter; prepare her grave.

Aye, this tender one, this child of laughter;
Could the rich gods give more to man
To single him out? Lift up your daughter;
She cannot now run where once she ran.

The flowers will not raise their heads to her skipping;
Like a winter sun, their joy has gone down.
Will they tend her now, by the graveside creeping;
Will their fond roots seek her, and make her their own?

Gather her up; I cannot raise her.
She was our pledge, our four years born.
Grieve, father; kiss her lips, then release her.
I was her mother; I dare not mourn.

This Week

Editorial: The Dearth of Invention 457
Poem: Niobe. By *Richard Church* 457
The Lure of Collecting. By *Gabriel Wells* 457
Boyd's "Portraits." .....
Reviewed by *T. K. Whipple* 458
Morison's "Four Centuries of Fine Printing."
Reviewed by *Porter Garnett* 459
The Nonesuch Press. By *Elmer Adler* 459
The Nonesuch "Apocrypha." .....
Reviewed by *E. Byrne Hackett* 460
Wittels's "Freud." .....
Reviewed by *A. A. Brill, M.D.* 460
Pearl's "Studies in Human Biology." .....
Reviewed by *C. R. Plunkett* 461
Dougherty's "The Criminal as a Human Being"
Reviewed by *Thomas Mott Osborne* 461
Stoddard's "Racial Realities in Europe." ....
Reviewed by *Constantine Panunzio* 461
Thomas's "With Lawrence in Arabia." .....
Reviewed by *Clarence Andrews* 462
Cabell's "Straws and Prayer-Books." .....
Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd* 462
The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley* 463

Next Week

H. G. Wells. By *Henry Seidel Canby.*
"Magellan." By *Arthur Hildebrand.* Reviewed by *Rockwell Kent.*
Newman's "Wagner." Reviewed by *Henry T. Finck.*

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The Lure of Collecting*

By GABRIEL WELLS

FASCINATING is the activity of collecting. It is full of undulating surprises. Now, the expected sportively would elude us; now the unexpected airily swings into our lap.

To what part of our nature is the pursuit of collecting related? The emotions. That is the central fact. Collecting is grounded in sentiment. Reason and volition play only a subsidiary part. Unless this peculiarity is steadily borne in mind, we are bound to be led astray whenever we approach the subject—we shall argue wrongly, advise wrongly, and even condemn wrongly. Nor, if not essentially actuated by his feelings, can a person ever get the true collector's thrill. What appeals to one personally, yes, to one's very fancy; what one feels, aware of any reasons or not, that one would love to have—those are the things to get. Even that is not enough. To acquire original things, first editions, is good, but far more desirable is it that in the hunting for original things we should maintain our own originality. Let us be a "first edition" ourselves, and refuse to be a mere "reprint." Let us trust, I urge, the movements of our own emotions and we shall be on the right track even though our guideless, blundering progress might delay our arrival and cause us at times to get off at the wrong station. What if we do trip up occasionally? One's own self-caused mistakes in the end pay—such mistakes alone pay. To acquire what others tell you to have or what you merely think is worth the money, might flatter your vanity or satisfy your prudence, but it will not give you joy!

Purely logical considerations are out of place in the sphere of collecting. It is utterly vain to try to determine our hobbies or those of others by a train of reasoning. Still more futile is it to resort to dictation. Will may be made to yield to command—for Will is Election: it is definite. Reason may be made to give way to decree—for Reason is Selection; it is precise. But Sentiment can be swayed only by suggestion—for Sentiment is Predilection: it is indeterminate. Peremptory ordering, that is to say, prohibition can never be of any avail where desires and passions are concerned. If one channel is closed up, the flow of our emotion spreads over into another channel. Emotions were never meant to be suppressed, but to be regulated and controlled. The only way we may hope to have our influence count in matters of sentiment is by humoring the weakness—all passions are weaknesses—or by falling in with it. A most delightful incident which bears directly upon this point came my way recently. A lady visited my establishment and asked me to help her select a Christmas present for her husband, with whose taste she knew I was familiar. I showed her an item the price of which exceeded considerably the sum she wanted to spend. I then produced something else which fell below and, although she was personally drawn to it, she yet set it aside as I could not quite assure her that it would make a full appeal. She ended in buying an item for which she paid nearly twice the intended amount. Good salesmanship? Not a bit of it. It was the woman's intuition and the wife's tender ap-

*The substance of this article is from an address delivered before the Contemporary Club in Philadelphia on December 15th, 1924.

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preciation of her husband's foible that did the turn. The item she chose was a collection of original manuscripts of the seventeenth century writers and, as chance would have it, in the series was an autograph letter of Thomas Killigrew. This she scanned intently, and then confided to me that her husband, more than once, told her that it was a volume of Killigrew which set him on the path of collecting. Now, were this lady to presume to advise her husband in the matter of his hobbies, and on a given occasion suggest even retrenchment, let us assume, her counsel would be sure to be heeded.

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But while sentiment is to rule the collector, sentiment must not govern the actions of the dealer. For a dealer to be emotionally actuated in his transactions invariably results in his being either unjust to himself, or unjust to the collector. To pass his things on readily and ungrudgingly is the dealer's normal province, just as the true and natural province of the collector is to hold on to his things fondly. The dealer's attitude is one of detachment, the collector's one of attachment. To paraphrase a well-known saying (never to be taken literally): to a dealer his transactions are episodes, to a collector his acquisitions are inwoven with the very fibres of his existence. The two figures are poles asunder. Conformably to this opposite relationship, a dealer would turn over his items with a light heart, whereas a collector feels a pang upon parting with any of his acquisitions. The collector's chief delectation is capture, that of the dealer is release. Thus, in my stock at present I have an extraordinary Kipling item —does the possession elate me? Not unduly. But were it to pass into the keeping of Ellis Ames Ballard, for example, at once it becomes a spring of unalloyed, ever-flowing joy, in which feeling I would share reflexively.

Reflexively—there it is. That word marks the extent to which the dealer may sentimentally indulge. The collector is the principal. He it is in whom the thing centers; he who lends to it the character. The dealer's rôle is that of a medium.

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But why collect? Why assemble books and manuscripts and such like objects extending over the whole of recorded time? This is not the same as to ask, Why read? That would be like asking, Why eat? We read to nourish our mind, as we eat to sustain our body. But why collect? you ask. Because it is a means of culture. By culture is not to be understood knowledge. Science and learning are incidental factors. Culture denotes broad vision. It means reaching intelligently beyond our individual or racial, or even national horizon. Now among the agencies of culture, the occupation of collecting takes a foremost rank. Collecting is an art, consisting in a worthy utilization of the margins of time. There are other ways indeed in which to employ our time-surpluses, but those are mainly such as tend primarily to amuse, or to relax, or even to dissipate, all of which forms of recreation are legitimate and desirable; but they lack, in differing degrees, the element of integration. The game of collecting not only diverts, but expands and deepens the scope of our being. The range of our lives is measured by the number of contacts with our environment. Collecting is one of the most potent means of multiplying our contacts. Collecting carries us back into the past, diversifies the present, and links us up to the future.

Wherein, let me ask, lies the real significance of the Penn Charter in the original? What a tremendous excitement the threatened escape of this document has created in Pennsylvania recently! Why such solicitude for possessing the original? Not in enabling one to become conversant with the text. The printed form fulfils this requirement, and better; as it is more readable. The importance lies in the atmosphere which inheres in the document. To behold the document in the original form as it was drawn up with Penn's autograph signature and the seal affixed conveys an inspiration which it in no other form could arouse. Even John Fiske himself, the historian, had he had before him the original Charter of Liberties, would have written the chapter entitled "Penn's Holy Experiment" in an even more exalted strain. It would seem that he did not know of its survival or else was not aware of its location. He mentions the Grant of Charles the Second of 1681, and the amended Charter of 1701, but not a syllable about Penn's First Charter of Liberties of 1682, the closest spiritual kin to the Declaration of Independence itself. There is nothing so inspiring as an original thing. Original things are the true things. They are the things themselves. They impart a sense of reality as no substitute ever can. The throngs which filled the rooms of the N. Y. Public Library at the opening of the Morgan exhibit of English manuscripts, now in progress—these people, made up of all sorts and conditions, went there not to catch a reading glimpse of a line or two of Milton or Bunyan or Keats or Byron, but to bask in the rays of immortality of literary genius. How much more momentous, to the people of Pennsylvania, is the document which symbolizes the very origin and character of their Commonwealth! If that unsophisticated English schoolboy's answer that the Monroe Doctrine is the Religion of America,—if that naïve characterization have any suggestiveness about it, then with equal point, politically speaking, one might call the Charter of William Penn the Holy Scripture of Pennsylvania.

But this is a digression. One of the most impressive experiences in my entire business career was the dispersal of the original leaves of the Gutenberg Bible. It was more than a witticism when the New York *Times* remarked that I was spreading the Gospel among the rich. I actually had the feeling of being engaged in a cultural effort as well as a business enterprise. The educational effects, especially in stimulating the imagination and imparting historical information, are incalculable in such an undertaking. Nor were the rich those who chiefly came in on the proposition of securing a Noble Fragment, as my friend A. Edward Newton, in his able introduction, so fittingly styled the Gutenberg Leaf. Schools, colleges, and divers public institutions purchased these leaves out of their own, in many cases, meagre funds; unless they had them donated. The same applied to individuals. I am sure the distinguished Senator from Pennsylvania, David A. Reed, would protest if he were classed among men of wealth. Still he got his Leaf. It is not perhaps generally known that Senator Reed is a collector in a most abstruse field, and a collector of keen insight and with a fine sense of values. Ancient manuscripts and incunabula are his specialty. I have a vivid recollection of his visit. He inspected a number of the leaves and then made his selection, but the price he considered high. Although not always inflexible, in this case I stood firm. On leaving with the gem under his arm, I ventured to remark that the reason why I did not give way was that I wanted him to derive his sole satisfaction from the item itself, unaffected by the price. He smiled. "It is nought, it is nought, saith the buyer; but when he hath gone his way, then he boasteth."

I recall also the case of a college girl whose mother surprised her with a Leaf. In a vein of exuberance this young lady wrote:

> I cannot begin to thank you enough for the wonderful Christmas you made possible for me. The beautiful page of the Gutenberg Bible made it a most perfect day. Though this may seem a rather bold statement, I really feel as if I have at last begun collecting.

Why did this young lady grow so enthusiastic over something which in contents presented no novelty? She knew already—did she not?—the words which that page of the Bible contained. Why, then, her jubilation? Because it was original, it gave her the sensation of contact with the real thing.

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To sum up: Collecting is a cultural art. Like all art it takes its rise in our emotions. Engaging in it confers upon the devotees a wider and more enlightened outlook upon life. The collector assembles and treasures, whilst the dealer stimulates and purveys. It is eminently the part of the antiquarian dealer to offer and distribute his stock with a preferential regard for destinations most adapted to serve the cause of culture. As for the collector himself, let him luxuriate in his acquisitions to his heart's content, so he bear in mind that his part, ideally, is that of guardianship—for integral to all things cultural is the spirit of sharing.

In the spring of 1925 the Nonesuch Press will publish the entire writings of William Blake, in a text established for this edition from original sources by Geoffrey Keynes. This will be the only complete and definitive edition of Blake's work in prose and poetry. Variant readings will appear in the text. The edition will be in three volumes and will contain over fifty collotype plates.

Vignettes and Sketches

PORTRAITS: REAL AND IMAGINARY. By Ernest Boyd. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by T. K. Whipple
University of California

MR. BOYD'S book is best read in snatches. It would make a good addition to the shelf kept for the use of week-end guests. For the fifteen minutes before going down to dinner or before getting into bed, it is admirable. His thousand-word sketches of his contemporaries—Mencken, Cabell, O'Neill, Shaw, and the rest—are amusing; his longer portraits of individuals and of such types as the æsthete, the puritan, the liberal, the critic, are clever enough to be diverting. Personal gossip about living writers is never dull, and Mr. Boyd's dislikes are sufficiently violent to give animation to his generic sketches. But, like all pick-up reading, "Portraits" tends to pall if read too long at a time.

Its triviality, for one thing, begins to get a little tiring. Few of the portraits evince much insight; for the most part, Mr. Boyd contents himself with light talk of current foibles—the furnishings of bookshops and publishers' offices, the vagaries of press agents, the first impressions of a Chicagoan in New York. Or he tells of Mencken's mannerisms, of breaking the Volstead Act with Cabell, of Sinclair Lewis's taste in clothes. Rarely is he so incisive as in "Æsthete: Model 1924" or so discerning as in "Puritan: Modern Style"; not often so felicitous in characterization as in his portraits of Hergesheimer and Nathan.

Of the modern Puritan Mr. Boyd says:

> Scandals in politics and commercial dishonesty do not often call forth his fulminations, for he does not conceive of the people concerned as having a particularly good time. Pleasure is the enemy, not evil, and so the joys of mind and body are under suspicion. Evidently joy shall be in the professional moralist's heaven over one publisher who is fined, more than over ninety-and-nine unjust politicians which heed no indictment. All that remains of the traditional stern virtue of Puritanism is a jealousy of everything which offers in this world the consolations advertised as belonging exclusively to the next.

If the whole book were at this level, it would constitute an excellent survey of the contemporary scene. It is tantalizing that Mr. Boyd is at his best so seldom.

The reader of "Portraits" is also tantalized by fugitive glimpses of genuine standards, wide reading, and cultivated taste. We should like to hear less of Eugene O'Neill's double-breasted coat of blue serge and less of the Provincetown Players' failings, and more of Mr. Boyd's admiration for O'Neill's work. For some discussion of Paul Rosenfeld's theories as to the relation of American art to American life, we would gladly forego the bad-tempered if just strictures on Rosenfeld's style and on his confusion of the auk with the roc. In general, we should prefer more of Mr. Boyd's real critical acumen and less of the peccadillos of Greenwich Village. But Mr. Boyd has hidden his light under a bushel of irritations. He is enslaved by his phobias and exacerbated by trifles. He is so much interested in expending his venom against eccentric poets, inaccurate translators, and misinformed pedants that he himself falls into pedantry.

Mr. Boyd is not well-advised when he refers to Chesterton's "depressingly sprightly articles" and when he says that the modern critic "feels compelled to give constant reminders of his wide reading and cultured tastes." For Mr. Boyd himself shows his humor by using such phrases as "the late Mr. Lowell" and exhibits his familiarity with "Hamlet" by quoting "dreamt of in the philosophy" at least four times in twenty-five pages. His constant allusions are not only monotonous, but also, unfortunately, shopworn. "We shall not look upon his like again . . . intimations of immortality . . . whom the gods wish to destroy . . . every Chicagoan pleases and only the Easterner is vile . . . he perhaps looked at her, and, behold, she was very good . . . trailing contracts of editorial glory": so they go, in only two pages of "A Mid-Western Portrait."

It is too bad that Mr. Boyd's volume should suffer from triviality, petulance, and mannerism, because he has shown himself elsewhere—and at times in this book—a critic of true discrimination and originality. These qualities are not so abundant in American criticism that we can afford to have them wasted.

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Civilized Printing

FOUR CENTURIES OF FINE PRINTING. By STANLEY MORISON. London: Ernest Benn, Ltd. 1924. 10½ guineas.

Reviewed by PORTER GARNETT
Carnegie Institute of Technology

THE publication in London, some months ago, of such a work as "Four Centuries of Fine Printing," by Stanley Morison, might not seem to be a matter of special concern to the world at large; the more so since the 390 copies of the ordinary edition and the thirteen luxuriant copies passed immediately either into private collections or into "Treasure Rooms" where they are virtually inaccessible. But the immediate success and prompt exhaustion (it is now quoted at $125) of a book about printing, by an author known only to amateurs and specialists, has in it so much of the unexpected that one may be forgiven for thinking that some explanation of the phenomenon should be offered.

The stage was perfectly set for Mr. Morison's spectacular appearance. One does not have to be a reader of signs to be aware that something significant (and, for some of us who have been patient and hopeful, quite exciting) is going on in printing the world over. In France it is referred to as *la renaissance du livre*. In Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, even in Czechoslovakia, printing as an art is enjoying a revival. In England, the quite extraordinary achievements of the Nonesuch Press, directed by Mr. Francis Meynell (to mention only one of many establishments producing books of distinction) gives evidence of a growth of public patronage based upon standards of enlightenment and taste. As for America, has not Mr. W. A. Dwiggins recently said, in *The Saturday Review*, that "we are at the threshold of one of those periodic revivals of activity in an art that gives us points to date from"?

The trend of taste has put publishers and printers on their mettle. They have been compelled to raise the standard of their output, and—to their credit be it said—they have striven and are striving to meet their obligations to an awakened self-respect. Many trade printers, who have carried the thickest incrustations of ignorance, are making commendable efforts to shed their shells and, though late starters in the race, are doing their best to keep up with the leaders. In the fact that, at present, they succeed rather more through imitation than through knowledge and ability lies another reason for according a welcome to Mr. Morison's book.

There is something else that should stir us to a sense of the event in the appearance of "Four Centuries of Fine Printing." We have but to consider it (and the subject of which it treats) in relation to the broader aspects of civilization, and, although it seems proper to examine it here from that point of view rather than to deal with it in terms of typographical technique, I believe that many who cannot see this splendid volume will be grateful for a summary of its contents.

The author-compiler gives us, then, a book of noble folio size, containing 625 reproductions in collotype of the work of what may be called, without unduly wrenching the term, the "canonical" printers between 1469 and the present day. Since his purpose has been to present the background of modern printing, he has confined himself to work in the roman letter. It is therefore the main stream of typography that he follows, omitting—in the interest of continuity and as of less importance—the gothics of the Invention period and their later sporadic use. The incunables (adequately represented in other works) are sparingly but judiciously shown, and a welcome emphasis is placed upon the typographical glories of the sixteenth century, particularly those of the Tory-Estienne tradition. The examples from later periods are so well chosen that, although some inclusions and exclusions must inevitably clash with personal preferences, it must be admitted that the compiler has accomplished his difficult task with discretion. We should be both gratified and grateful at finding that the work of two Americans, Mr. Bruce Rogers and Mr. D. B. Updike, finds place, and deservedly so, among the productions of the masters.

A discussion of the information, and particularly of the ideas, contained in Mr. Morison's informative introduction would plunge me into the tempting sea of archæology and the no less inviting eddies of technique. This text, it should be stated, is printed in a new type, copied (for the most part with great fidelity) from the roman first used by Aldus in 1499 for the "Hypnerotomachia Poliphili." The accompanying italic, based upon the sloped letters of Antonio Blado, is an even happier contribution to typography.

It should be apparent that, in such a work, presenting as it does a pageant of the printed page through four centuries, we see revealed the manifestations of a specialized culture in a significant and permanent form, for printing, owing to its susceptibility to wide distribution, is less perishable than any other of the works of man. It will be regarded perhaps as a piece of hardihood to urge that book-production (before and after printing) offers a field for study at once larger and more relevant of cultural development than architecture itself, for, while buildings are the habitations of men's bodies, books are the habitations of their minds. As such the importance of the physical aspect of books has not been overlooked. The subject has not failed to attract scholars. The sciences of palæography and bibliography possess a literature informed with a richer and more felicitous scholarship than any other department of learning. That books on these subjects should have the rarer graces is but natural, for the material with which they deal is nothing less than the finest fruit of past cultures, combining erudition and æsthetical expression as in no other branch of artistic or intellectual endeavor.

In older civilizations than ours there has been no dearth of learned works on the subject of printing. One thinks immediately of such men in our own time as Renouard, Claudin, Baudrier, Christ-

Reproduction of Collotype of the Original Copper Plate Engraving, by Stephen Gooden, for "The Apocrypha" (Dial Press).

ian, Mortet, Audin, Haebler, Mori, Fumagalli, Proctor, Brown, Duff, and Pollard. Against these America can set not one authority of record, unless we should include D. B. Updike on the strength of his valuable but popular summary, "Printing Types; Their History, Forms, and Use." It has remained for Mr. Morison to attack the subject from a new angle; to present a graphic conspectus of printing with an historical survey original of approach, dignified, and interesting, and holding closely to essentials in the performances of the past and the problems of the present.

We have had in America, in all the arts, a great deal of arm-waving, and there have been many clamorous Columbuses of genius, but, in architecture at least, as well as we can think in terms of timeless criteria, America has achieved something more than distinguished second-rateness. Can it be said that *first-rateness* has been conspicuously compassed in any other aesthetic vocation? I think it can. The work of the two American printers, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Updike, who have been singled out from our thousands by Mr. Morison, has been, during virtually the whole of their activity as printers, of a so consistent first-rateness, rightness, and distinction that, in the light of their achievements alone, the archælogist of the future may well assign to our epoch a more advanced civilization than we possess. They are the first bright crystals of what, let us hope, will in time become a high tradition. In printing and in architecture (to neither of which, it must be said in passing, was the slightest attention paid in that survey by the intelligenzia, "Civilization in the United States"), despite her indiscretions with both, America has come of age.

Mr. Morison's manner of writing serves as a refreshment of that sense of address, decorum, and charm that the style of so many Englishmen (and so few Americans), who write on technical subjects, gives us. I quote, both for its truth and its flavor, the following passage:

> For "fine" printing something is required in addition to care—certain vital gifts of the mind and understanding. Only when these are added to knowledge of the technical processes will there result a piece of design, *i. e.*, a work expressing logic, consistency, and personality. Fine printing may be described as the product of a lively and seasoned intelligence working with carefully chosen type, ink, and paper. . . . First it must be borne in mind that a fine book is more than "something to read." The amateur looks for character in printing. The book therefore which essays to rank above the commonplace, will, while not failing in its essential purpose, carry the personality of its maker no less surely than that of its author and its subject. The problem of the typographer is to achieve an individual book without doing violence to its essential purpose or to any accidental character conferred by an artist or book-decorator. Thus the whole mystery of fine typography lies in the perfect reconciliation of these interests. Moreover, there is no master-formula, almost every other book is a challenge to the artist-typographer.

A Three-Year Achievement

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM WYCHERLEY. Edited by the REV. MONTAGUE SUMMERS. London: The Nonesuch Press. 1924.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM CONGREVE. The same.

GENESIS. The first Chapter with 12 Mordants by Paul Nast. The same.

Reviewed by ELMER ADLER

TO write of the work of The Nonesuch Press, it is necessary to prepare a proper setting for the review. The casual reader has no ready prospective. Naturally, the books most familiar to him are from our local publishers, and none of these has established a standard comparable to that of this English press. Perhaps our nearest parallel of an even quality of workmanship is the Merrymount Press, but here is a radical difference—Mr. Updike is a printer, not a publisher. Mr. Alfred A. Knopf is one publisher who shows a conspicuous interest in good bookmaking and his series by eminent typographers is an outstanding effort. The special editions of the Houghton Mifflin Riverside Press are another similar example of a striving for better standards. Some comparison these offer to The Nonesuch Press, but their show volumes are but a small part of a production while the three-year record of The Nonesuch Press includes their entire fifteen titles of a uniform interest in good bookmaking.

That some are more successful pieces of bookmaking than others is accepted without further comment. But any has that pride in appearance (sometimes a bit self-conscious) which results from the combination of craftsmanship with high standards. Obviously, the thought behind these books was how much might be put into them rather than how much could be got out of them. Once in a while when a genius dreams an ideal and works diligently and intelligently to reach that ideal, he will create another masterpiece and enrich the world. And then the common mortal has another model. The ambitious craftsman notes such models and frequently some of the inspiration from them unconsciously gets into his work. The traditions of good bookmaking have been developing for ten centuries and The Nonesuch Press books show familiarity with the best.

Of course, the grass always seems greener in the other pasture. But to the American interested in typography, England appears better favored at least with men who can intelligently discuss the subject. We have one who combines qualities not demonstrated collectively by any other. For D. B. Updike has not only knowledge and power of expression,

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but craftsmanship and executive ability. He has developed a remarkable institution, written a classic, and printed many good books that can be sold at conservative prices. But we have few to class with Mr. Updike, and an organization like the Nonesuch is possible only through men of erudition and craftsmanship.

Practically all the Nonesuch books have been subscribed upon publication and some are now at a premium with a substantial advance. All are limited in number of copies, with the exception of one reprint, and sold originally at a comparatively reasonable price, usually less than a pound. They are primarily collector's items and enrich any library. One should not attempt to compare volume by volume with a master like Bruce Rogers for they can be mighty good and still not equal to that test.

It is sufficient that there does not appear to be another publisher's list comparable to that of The Nonesuch Press and it is hoped that this press may prosper in the production of many more such works.

The Nonesuch Bible

THE APOCRYPHA. Reprinted according to the Authorized Version. London: The Nonesuch Press. New York: The Dial Press. 1924.

Reviewed by E. BYRNE HACKETT

THE Nonesuch Press of London, in conjunction with Lincoln MacVeagh of the Dial Press of New York, have just published The Apocrypha, preceding their publication of The Bible, which it is their intention of issuing during the course of the present year in a format which they design to be "imposing, beautiful and convenient." Should the publishers maintain the standard they have set themselves in the production of the present volume, they will justify their expectation and provide book-lovers with a noble and usable set of books.

The entire work is produced under the guidance of Mr. Francis Meynell, and is printed on mould-made rag paper by the Oxford University Press in highly legible Plantin Type, with an exquisite copper plate engraved on the title page by Stephen Gooden, who also supplies the choice but all too few head- and tail-pieces. The King James version furnishes the text.

Typographically considered, the present volume is a highly commendable piece of work: the page is well proportioned (7¾ x 12 inches); the modified Plantin type is a clear and legible face; the margins are ample and without the usual blemish of affectation, *i. e.*, over-exaggeration; the paper, while machine-made, has a large proportion of rag; and considering the moderate price at which the work is published it is excellent value and may be cordially recommended.

The one criticism which lies against the volume of Apocrypha is a certain sameness of appearance in its pages, but this is inherent in the matter presented and a difficulty from which the publisher would find it hard to escape.

The third number of *The Fleuron* has been published. This periodical, although appearing at irregular intervals is making a distinct place for itself in the literature of typography. The leading article is devoted to D. B. Updike of the Merrymount Press. This is followed by an article on the art of Albert Rutherston by Randolph Schwabe. "The Chancery Types of Italy and France" is the subject of a paper by A. F. Johnston and Stanley Morison. "The Amateur and Printing," by Harold Child; "The Development of the Book," by P. J. Angoulvent, and "Modern Styles in Music Printing in England," by Hubert J. Foss, are special features finely illustrated. A series of studies of contemporary printers begins with Stanley Morison as the first subject.

The original manuscript of one of Kipling's most famous poems, "The White Man's Burden," hangs in the picturesque study of John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer. This manuscript is of special interest to Mr. Hammond because it is a reminder of his early days in South Africa with Cecil Rhodes when he first knew Kipling.

Freud, Man and Theorist

SIGMUND FREUD. By DR. FRITZ WITTELS. Translated by Eden & Cedar Paul. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924. $3.50.

Reviewed by A. A. BRILL, M.D.

THE reviewer met Wittels in Vienna some time in 1908, and later in Salzburg at the first International Psychoanalytic Congress, and has been interested in him and his works ever since. Besides the present volume the author has written a number of very interesting and illuminating works, notably the "Sexuelle Not" and "Tragische Motive," which are unfortunately still inaccessible to English speaking readers. Wittels was also an active contributor to the *Fakel* (*The Torch*), a Vienna periodical of rather radical views, given out by the famous Dr. Krauss, the editor of the "Anthropophyteia." Some of the author's best essays appeared in this red covered *Fakel*. And how well he wrote! His terse, trenchant, and epigrammatic sentences were full of meat, clever, sarcastic, and witty. In the excellent translation of his present work these qualities are not as marked as in the original, or one might say as in his other works. The journalist has here given way to the scientist, but fortunately for the readers his effort was not entirely successful.

The great interest that this work has for the general reader is the personality of Sigmund Freud as depicted by a very observing pupil who was more or less associated with the master for about five years in the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society. In 1910, the author "had a personal difference with Freud and left the Psychoanalytic Society." Wittels thinks that his aloofness from Freud's "overshadowing individuality" since then has been perhaps an advantage (?). The scientific part of the book, the Freudian mechanisms, will hardly hold the attention of the general reader whose mind has long been confused by many garbled versions of Freud's theories.

* * *

Generally speaking one can say that biographers must have a strong attachment for the personage they seek to portray. This is true even if they write in a spirit of criticism. The hero of their book is what the reviewer calls their emphatic index*. They have such a strong admiration for the subject portrayed that consciously or unconsciously they wish to identify themselves with him, and have the same feeling for him as sons for their fathers. *Il faut admirer en bloc*, with which the author opens this book, shows clearly his attitude to Sigmund Freud. It means to say, "The minor criticisms which I may mention are altogether insignificant beside the greatness of this personality." Throughout the book Wittels writes with a definite feeling of sympathy and admiration. He strives to portray frankly and honestly, and it is our opinion that on the whole he did well. The author not only gives interesting fragments of Freud's life, and clear presentations of his theories, but also some very clever analytic deductions.

The facts that he obtained from personal contact with Freud and from his works are certainly correct, but some of his analytic deductions, especially those referring to Freud's attitude towards his pupils, are necessarily biased. The reviewer, who is fully acquainted with all the facts mentioned in this book, does not share Wittel's views in this matter. It would be out of place to enter here into a long description of the episodes relating to Freud's dissensions with some of his pupils, which would interest only those who are actively occupied with psychoanalysis. But as the author, unwittingly perhaps, creates the impression that Professor Freud is an intolerant sort of person who categorically rejects any ideas not of his own conception, it is only fair to give some space to this.

From the very beginning of the psychoanalytic movement Professor Freud was most generous with his pupils. Adler, Jung, Stekel, and all the others have built entirely on his foundations. Reading their earlier works one not only finds nothing new or original, but some have actually received credit for "original ideas" which were not at all original. The reviewer had once called Professor Freud's attention to a particularly glaring example of this kind, and his characteristic reply was, "Let him take it, that does no harm." If one were to take away what is specifically Freudian from the productions of any of his well known pupils there would hardly be enough left to produce a tiny ripple in the sea of thought. The reviewer, who has the advantage of friendly and intimate contact with the master, feels that far from being intolerant to his pupils' ideas, just the opposite is the case. Professor Freud has always given generous recognition to his pupils' achievements (*vid. e. g.*, his letter to the author), but as he has worked patiently, perseveringly, and consistently for more than thirty years towards a definite goal, he should not be blamed for refusing to coöperate with those who for various reasons of their own wish to demolish the foundations upon which his structure stands. Wittels, himself, very clearly shows the glaring inconsistencies of some of those divagations.

* * *

People who just read for amusement, and do not concern themselves with the vital truths of Freud's discoveries, are easily misled by some of these glib tongued writers, but the fact remains that none of them has made any new discovery or any scientific progress to speak of since he desexualized psychoanalysis. It is the gigantic labors of Freud alone that have stirred up the resistances, hatreds, and admiration of the thinking world. It is he alone who has revolutionized the mental sciences, and has given new meaning, new interest, and new life to abnormal and normal psychology. There is so much stimulation in any one of his works, there is so much to assimilate in one of his sentences, that unless one has the proper capacity and preparation he may get an overdose with its fatal *sequellae*. It does not always result in suicide, as in the cases mentioned by the author, although the reviewer also knows of such cases, but what is still worse—surely for the public—is the resultant chronic mental confusion displayed by some of these so-called analysts. The author justly inveighs against this type of practitioner, a feeling with which the reviewer heartily concurs. This is no occupation for psychopathic individuals. Indeed the author lays much stress on Freud's decision to study medicine, which he calls a concrete science which keeps one's feet firmly planted on the solid ground of facts, and expresses his conviction that as long as Freud lives and retains his leadership his medical education "will enable him to safeguard psychoanalysis (even in this world-wide development) against a lapse into mysticism and scholasticism."

Some of the interpretations given by the author are very good, his fragmentary cases are extremely interesting. He touches upon all of Freud's works —and he knows his Freud well—and discusses, sometimes very briefly, the theories of the neuroses, dream interpretation, repression and transference, slips, mistakes and blunders, eros (in what is an especially good chapter), narcissism, castration complex, Freudian mechanisms, and bipolarity. The last really belongs to the part dealing with Stekel, as the castration complex is an addendum to the chapter on Adler. In the other chapters the author deals more directly with Professor Freud's personal characteristics as shown by his early life and development, by his behavior towards friends and pupils. Viewing the whole book the word "fascinating" comes to the mind which may not be as dignified a characterization as the work merits. Objectively speaking the present work gives a concise and somewhat fragmentary, but very interesting presentation of some of Freud's theories. As to its throwing more light on Freud the man, the best that can be said is that the author has made a good effort in his own way and has illumined some features.

En pathos means to feel oneself or read oneself into a person.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Human Animal

STUDIES IN HUMAN BIOLOGY. By RAYMOND PEARL. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins. 1924.

Reviewed by C. R. PLUNKETT

New York University

THE papers brought together and republished here in book form, can, as Professor Pearl states in his preface, "make only such claim for unity as inheres in the *point of view* of its author." What that point of view is may be perhaps most briefly expressed in the caption he has chosen for one part of his volume: "Considering Man as an Animal." This is not, however, one of those books, with which we have been surfeited of late, dealing with social problems from a "biological" viewpoint—mostly by authors who have never seen the inside of a biological laboratory, except, perhaps, as troublesome visitors. It deals, rather, with various general biological questions, using the human animal as subject.

The twenty-five chapters—most of them originally separate papers—deal with almost as many distinct topics, a few of which are: the weight of the human brain, and the question of its correlation with intelligence; the sex-ratio in man; relative variability of the sexes; racial fusion and survival in America; hereditary factors in tuberculosis; the influenza epidemic; food consumption and waste; the growth of populations, past and future.

Since problems of human biology are not, in general, susceptible of experimental study, these topics are all, necessarily, treated by means of the statistical method. Professor Pearl is probably the most able master in this country of the laborious and often treacherous tool of scientific research. His point of view, which is the obvious *motif* of almost every chapter, is excellently expressed in the address entitled "The Statistical Evolution of Public Health Activities."

> The statistical method as a means of acquiring knowledge is one of the most powerful tools at our command. At the same time it is one of the most dangerous. Every one feels entirely competent, whether he has had any special training in the recondite field of the calculus of statistics or not, to draw conclusions from figures. The result is really, though not generally recognized so to be, just as bad as would be the case if wholly untrained persons felt free to draw conclusions in the most advanced fields of physical or organic chemistry.

Many of the chapters are devoted to showing that sweeping conclusions thus drawn by more or less statistically untrained writers are not supported by a correct statistical analysis of this data. In connection with the discussion of epidemic encephalitis (the "sleeping sickness" of newspaper writers), for instance, the author quotes the statement that "the greatest proportion of cases occurred in young adults"; and then proceeds to show that "the age distribution of attacked cases . . . does not significantly differ . . . from the age distribution of the general population." This is an example of a common sort of case where inspection of the crude statistics would probably lead to an entirely unjustified conclusion.

A case of more general interest, perhaps, is that treated in the chapter on "Congenital Malformations." The author's reason, as stated, for undertaking this study was that this kind of data has been used as evidence in support of the popular theory that "the male, throughout the organic world, tends to be more variable than the female. The male element in sexual reproduction was supposed, according to this view, to make for variability, and hence for progress, while the female was held to be the conservative element, making for organic stability." Professor Pearl then proceeds to analyze statistically the kind of data which have been used to bolster this contention, notably by Havelock Ellis in "Man and Woman", and finds that, in this particular case, they actually indicate exactly the contrary conclusion: namely, that in respect to congenital malformations woman is more variable than man. He draws the eminently sane conclusion that "it is quite absurd to attempt to formulate any general rule that either sex is in general more variable than the other."

In the few chapters in which the author gets to riding some of his own hobbies, his conclusions will not be so confidently accepted by all his fellow biologists. Some of the ablest men in this field believe, for instance, that his rather pessimistic outlook on what he calls "the population problem" is entirely unsupported by the statistical evidence which he cites; as this evidence does not, and cannot, take into account some very pertinent possibilities in the situation.

The general feeling that work of this kind is likely to leave in the mind of the scientist is that, in the solution of general scientific problems, no amount of statistical evidence of this nature can weigh against a single crucial experiment. But in the field of human biology, it is the best that can be done—and no one has done, or is doing, it better than Professor Pearl.

Humane Penology

THE CRIMINAL AS A HUMAN BEING. By GEORGE DOUGHERTY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

THE fallacy of most books on penology and studies of crime is that the authors persist in regarding criminals as a separate group of the human family; and that fallacy is taking a particularly plausible and dangerous form at the present time.

In 1876 Lombroso published his study of the criminal and led off students of penology on the wrong track for many years. His was the conception of the criminal as an abnormal human being, pre-ordained to a life of crime, whose physical characteristics might be determined by a careful study of the inmates of penal institutions. For over thirty years this absurd theory was accepted and by so long the reform of our correctional institutions was delayed. If men were born criminals and belonged to a different category of mankind obviously an attempt to administer prisons along ordinary rules of justice and common sense was useless, for to reform the criminal was hopeless. Caliban might do the bidding of Prospero, if he was forced; but at heart he remained the same—an unredeemable enemy to society and human progress.

Now we are faced with a new version of the Lombroso theory. We are again being told that certain human beings are preordained criminals, probably through inheritance; and that these enemies of society can be discovered, not by physical examinations, in the Lombroso style, but by mental examinations carried on by the psychiatrist; and that these examinations not only will disclose to us the fact whether a given man is a criminal, but will inform us as to whether or not he is going to be a criminal at some time in the future, although he may never have committed a crime.

* * *

This book comes as an admirable antidote to such dangerous nonsense. The first chapter deals with "the criminal as a human being"—a natural human being; although often, the author tells us, we are "dealing with a weak and warped personality that has seldom been treated fairly by police officers." Again: "besides the destructive influences of such a heredity and home, these children were denied the association of normal children"; so "the results of such upbringing are all too plain when the criminal is brought before the police examiner who recognizes the value of sympathy and psychology." The very sensible conclusion is: "in its dealings with criminals society has generally erred in two directions; first, by violence, severe punishment, and treatment of the criminal as non-human, and at the other extreme, overflowing sentiment for the lost sheep."

The author, George S. Dougherty, was formerly Deputy Commissioner and Chief of Detectives in the New York City Police Department. He speaks from wide knowledge of his subject, and with a restraint and common sense which gives the reader confidence in his statements. In spite of his many years of meeting crooks as a police official he continues to think of them as real human beings. It takes a man with a broad mind and firm hold of realities to do that.

The truth is that the line, which separates "the criminal" who has been caught from the crooks who have not, is a shadowy one at the best. In one of Trollope's novels is this excellent statement of the matter:

> There are general laws current in the world as to morality. "Thou shalt not steal," for instance. This has necessarily been current as a law through all nations. But the first man you meet on the street will have ideas about theft so different from yours, that, if you knew them as you know your own, you would say that his law and yours were not even founded on the same principle. It is compatible with this man's honesty to cheat you in a matter of horse-flesh, with that man's in a traffic of railway shares, with that other man's as to a woman's fortune; with a fourth's anything may be done for a seat in Parliament, while the fifth man, who stands high among us, and who implores his God every Sunday to write that law on his heart, spends every hour of his daily toil in a system of fraud, and is regarded as a pattern of the national commerce!

Commissioner Dougherty in his chapter on "blackmail" puts it this way:

> Because many rich victims lead such dissolute lives as to be virtually criminals themselves, millions of dollars of blackmail have been paid quietly, and are being paid, and will continue to be paid as long as victims have incriminating circumstances to be hushed up. What an experienced detective could tell about the lives of many persons who stand high in the community would be highly sensational—but, like the priest and journalist, an honorable detective keeps faith and confidence.

The man who has been a policeman and has yet retained his sympathy with the criminal as a human being, who believes in enforcing the law—without brutality and sentimentality, who does not lose his sense of proportion or of relative values, is one whose conclusions are of far more value than the pseudo-scientists who weave ridiculous theories from second-hand knowledge gained from unreliable statistics.

A Name to Conjure With

RACIAL REALITIES IN EUROPE. By LOTHROP STODDARD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. $3.

Reviewed by CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO

IT was the great Englishman, R. H. Tawney, who after a visit in the United States, wrote: "My own experience is that I heard more about Anglo-Saxons in the four delightful months which I passed in the United States than I had heard during the forty years in the humid island which the barbarians in question were foolish enough to colonize."

Mr. Stoddard in a series of books he has written, of which this is the fifth, has been one of the outstanding voices to proclaim the new gospel which Mr. Tawney heard preached in the United States; and he preaches his gospel with the zeal of a new convert.

American scientists, Ripley, Dixon, Kroeber, Goldenwiser, Wissler, Boas, and others, who have given years to the study of races, are becoming increasingly cautious and are avoiding generalizations; the paucity of scientific data available is such as not to warrant broad conclusions. Mr. Stoddard, on the contrary, never hestitates to sweep everything before his "scientific discoveries."

The major theses expounded in this book, as in the others of Mr. Stoddard's, are that all of life, individual and social, finds its roots in race; that the intermixture of races has gone on at high pace in history and especially in certain sections of Europe; that all the ills of mankind are due to this intermixture; that all the races, being intermixed, are inherently inferior, some negatively bad, some *very* bad indeed—all save one, the only race which has kept predominantly pure, viz.: "Nordic Anglo-Saxon."

* * *

Brilliant in style and in the manner in which the materials are organized, this book is bound to attract many readers. The author wishes you to know that he is "scientific." He tells you so over and over. From the opening to the closing sentence of the book, he tries to impress on the reader that he is discussing "momentous scientific discoveries." But when he tells us that this nation is one-third of this race, one-fourth of this other, he leaves us entirely in the dark as to where he gets his facts, and how. This statement should be qualified, however, for he does give us some indication. He visits the British Museum under the escort of a "well-known British scientist." Who the scientist is he does not tell us. The "scientist" halts and the "scientist" talks. Mr. Stoddard looks: "The case was filled with little heads and busts made of burned clay, or terra cotta. There were more than a hundred of them, neatly arranged in long rows." . . . "I looked closer—and was filled with astonishment. Those ancient busts, modeled after men in their graves these 2,500 years, were strangely familiar. Many of them looked exactly like men who walk the earth today." One hundred *terra cotta* specimens! Of men dead 2,500 years! Looking *exactly* like the millions of today! So he makes the "momentous scientific discoveries." Then he talks with a man here and there; with a New Yorker who makes some remarks regarding a ride he once had in a London subway tube; with one "of the so-called wild men of the Glasgow group"; with a noted scientist here or a statesman there. And then, like Europeans who make a flying trip to America and write learned volumes on the realities of American life, Mr. Stoddard returns

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to America and writes on the "Racial Realities in Europe."

These his theses; this his method. Mr. Stoddard then proceeds to apply his figment formula and to draw a map of Europe—and a naïvely simplified map it is. Three races, "in three distant ages born"; Mediterranean, Alpine, and Nordic, so are they known. The Nordic are in the North, the Alpine are in the Alps (or in mountainous regions), the Mediterraneans are on the Mediterranean.

Wherever the Mediterraneans appear, they are bad. They are weak, unstable, emotional. Aside from their having contributed something to art and music, they have brought no good to humanity. The Alpines, whether in "Composite France," in "Alpinized Germany," or wherever else found, are a stolid, stale, stupid folk, never conquering other peoples, passively satisfied on their plot of ground. The Nordics are the only boon to mankind. "The restless, energetic Nordics have been coming down upon the Alpines, overwhelming their territories, and setting themselves up as masters." This is Mr. Stoddard's scientific Nordic: He is tall, blond, long-headed, and with light eyes. (Unless you are this precise combination you are nothing but a "disharmonic combination"—I am sorry.) His greatness consists in a "fierce energy and great fighting power," in common sense, and ability to withstand the cold. Wherever he has settled down he has become the aristocratic ruling class! Democracy has never existed except as Nordics have created it and sanctified it! Such indications of democracy as appeared among the Greeks and the Romans were due to Nordic blood in the veins of the ruling classes. The Nordics have never been revolutionary! Have never had civil wars. Revolutions. Never! They have, as in England, "succeeded in avoiding these evils and adjusting themselves peacefully to new conditions." They have never fought among themselves. The Nordics have been the superior industrialists of the world. Their greatest enemy is industrialization. Alpines and Mediterraneans are better able to adapt themselves to this creation of the Nordics.

And so on. Once you have his formula you know what is coming in the next chapter, the next—and the next. As long as Nordics ruled in France, France was great! The French Revolution was the great curse of France. It was brought about by the stupid Alpines. So long as Nordic blood was supreme, Germany was a good child. But the "Thirty Years' War" killed all the Nordics in Germany. Germany became "Alpinized" and then, naughty, naughty, Germany!" Fascismo in Italy is the most recent indication of Nordic power and prowess! And so the finish. In "The Mediterranean South," in "Disrupted Central Europe," in "The Alpine East," in "The Balkan Flux," etc., it is the same story. "Kindred Britain" and "The Nordic North" are the only nations or groups of nations who have been a blessing to mankind! The reason is obvious!

In all of this, the age of a civilization or of a people, the accidental position of a country, the chance presence of minerals, the effects of climate, have nothing to do with the greatness or the smallness of a nation—so tells us Mr. Stoddard. It is race, race, nothing but race!

To one who from infancy—as is the case with the writer of this review—has had and still has a profound respect for the peoples now known as Nordics, Mr. Stoddard, in this book, seems to do them an injury. If the reader is to believe what this author says, he is led to conclude that the Nordics are suffering from what the new psychology calls "an inferiority complex." For surely no superior group, unless suffering from such a state of mind, would ever think of setting out to prove that they were superior. Mr. Stoddard, in fact, utters a bitter cry: "It is really startling when one looks back into history and sees how Nordics have diminished lately in Europe during the past 1,000 years." And so the inferior Alpines and Mediterraneans would seem to have been playing havoc with the Nordics. Moreover, he condemns Gobineau and Chamberlain, who tried to make Germany believe she was *the* "great race," and then, in his last chapter, he seems to cry to America: "Nordic, Nordic! That is the only great race, the only blood which will endure; save Nordic blood or America will perish!" In this age when men of all nations are endeavoring to do their best to break down differences, to build bridges of understanding and to bring nations together, Mr. Stoddard would have us dig bloody trenches between the races of humankind!

A Romantic Episode

WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA. By Lowell Thomas. New York: The Century Co. 1924. $4.

Reviewed by C. E. Andrews

DURING the War we complained that romance was dead, that modern warfare gave no opportunity for individual heroism, and that no truly great figures were brought forth as in the struggles in the past. The world had entered on a new stage of terrible collective efficiency in which the glamour and glory of the hero was gone and the story of the fight must be a dull, pale thing. Yet while we were saying this and while most of the fighters were experiencing it, an exploit was being accomplished in the desert of Arabia that reads like the stories of the conquest of India or the tale of "Chinese" Gordon.

Thomas Lawrence, a young Oxford scholar of twenty-six, had spent seven years wandering in Arabia discovering Hittite tombs and studying Nabatæan inscriptions, when the Great War broke out. He was rejected by the army as unfit for active service, but his intimate knowledge of Arab affairs made him a valuable member of the intelligence staff at Cairo. He chafed under army discipline as any intelligent man must, and seized upon the opportunity of a leave of absence to join the forces of Hussein, Grand Shereef of Mecca who had started a revolt against the Turks and proclaimed himself King of the Hedjaz. Young Lawrence became the adviser to Emir Feisal, the son of Hussein and within a few months was the most important man in Arabia.

Through his perfect command of local dialects, his knowledge of Arab customs, and his great tact he completely gained the confidence of the Bedouin tribesmen and brought about an amalgamation of them such as had not existed since the days of Mahommet. He won them over by the personal respect he inspired in them by competing with them on their own ground. He had as great courtesy, courage, and generosity as they showed themselves, and he outdid them in camel riding, in shooting, and in strategy. He personally led dangerous raids against the Turks; he wandered through the Turkish lines disguised as an Arab woman; and his great amusement was "planting tulips" to blow up supply trains, setting them off himself and escaping his pursuers by the mad speed of his dromedary.

He started across the Arabian Desert in February, 1916, to raise an army, accompanied by only three companions. I do not know of a more hopeless task than this that has been essayed during the last thousand years. They at first had no money, no means of transportation except a few camels, and no means of communication except camel riders. They were trying to raise and equip an army in a country which has no manufacturing interests, which produces very little food and less water. In many parts of Arabia water-holes are a five days' camel trek apart. They had no laws to help them, and they were trying to raise an army among the nomadic Bedouin tribes that had been separated from one another by blood feuds for hundreds of years. They were trying to unify a people who quarrel over the possession of the water-holes and pasture-lands of Arabia, and war with one another for the possession of camels; a people who when they meet one another in the desert, usually substitute volleys of pot shots for the conventional rules of oriental courtesy.

Yet his task was accomplished and the forces of King Hussein coöperated with the forces of that master strategist, General Allenby, in a spectacular operation which resulted in the complete annihilation of the Turkish army, the capture of a hundred thousand prisoners, and later, in the utter collapse of the Turkish empire.

The story of this exploit as told by Lowell Thomas is interesting reading, though one regrets that the book as a whole is not better written. It is done in the manner of a clever reporter who has had opportunities for a great many interviews with Colonel Lawrence and the other principals concerned with the narrative. He seems to have gone over the scenes of the exploits very thoroughly with notebook and camera, and has given us a detailed and readable, though of course second-hand account of some great achievements of a remarkable man. What a pity we cannot have Colonel Lawrence's own account, for he has written it himself twice. The manuscript of the first draft was stolen in a bag at a railway station and never recovered. The second account Colonel Lawrence printed himself in a very small edition on a hand press and distributed among his friends with the request that nothing be written about it for publication. There is one copy deposited with the British Museum which can be given to the world in forty years. This, if one may judge by Lawrence's style in his splendid preface to Doughty's "Arabia Desert" and one or two other things that have appeared from his pen, will be one of the greatest books of the War.

But since we cannot have that book, Lowell Thomas offers us a good substitute. There is one chapter especially good, the story of a decisive engagement for the possession of Petra, the marvellous dead, desert city with rose-red, rock-built tombs two thousand years old.

For the first time in many centuries the silent avenues throbbed with life. Camp-fires were lighted on the old altars of the gods; and sentinels stationed on the ancient great high places watched for the coming of the Turks. In the vast echoing chambers of the tombs the Arabs sat round in circles until late at night, telling interminable stories and singing old chants of epic battles.

Then follows an account of Bedouin women fighting in armed battalions in the very gorge where Nabatæan kings repulsed Alexander the Great.

In His Habit

STRAWS AND PRAYER-BOOKS. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by Lee Wilson Dodd

HERE, then, we have Mr. James Branch Cabell in person. Waving his puppets aside, he parts the curtains and steps quietly out to us: an aristocratic figure, though somewhat too consciously so, with just a touch of the theatre in his carefully arranged ironic smile. Charming, nevertheless! This should prove on the whole an agreeable, sophisticated lecture—for he has chosen an interesting subject: himself. Let us try not to be irritated by his occasional condescensions. After all——

And the lecture being over—a distinguished affair, evidently—what is it, really, that one has heard?

First, and chiefly, I think, we have been conscious of a voice—not a robust, exciting voice, but a cultivated, evenly flowing, slightly monotonous voice. And second, we have been conscious, more acutely, of some rather gratuitous affectations—a platform manner, a delivery, for which neither dandified nor supercilious is quite the inevitable word. And third, there has been some wit, and not a little malice that may momentarily pass for wit. And fourth, we have been aware in more than one mauve and burnished-copper passage that a man of Gothic imagination, a widely-read (you may take it in either sense) minor poet, and an occasional master of language, was being rather unfortunately masked from us much of the time. Fifth, "'the lewd Jurgen touch,'" just here and there—lest we forget. And sixth and last, we have heard again the ideas of Mr. Cabell on life, on death, on art, on romance, and on Mr. Cabell. And it has all, with a little reciprocal tolerance from us groundlings, been very much worth while as entertainment. It has entertained us, and it has entertained Mr. Cabell. For, as he has just told us himself, that is why he delivered the lectures: to entertain Mr. Cabell. Life, otherwise, might have proved so boring to Mr. Cabell . . .

Life, Mr. Cabell frequently assures us (and there is an approach to sincerity in his tone whenever he does so), is for most of us in most of its manifestations an abysmal bore; death, moreover, is certain; and it is upon this gray rock shouldering out from this viewless desert that he founds his æsthetic church. Grant him his desert and his rock and you must also grant him, I suspect, his church. For Mr. Cabell is logical. If human life be but a dull interlude in a fortuitous Universe, then those only are fortunate who can escape from reality into dreams. "The creative romanticist," says Mr. Cabell, "alone can engineer a satisfying evasion of that daily workaday life which is to every man abhorrent." Art, says Mr. Cabell, is only a criticism of life "in the sense that prison-breaking is a criticism of the penitentiary." And he continues, "Art is, in its last terms, an evasion of the distasteful. The artist simply does not like the earth he inhabits . . ."

Now this, of course, is not news from Mr. Cabell; in "Beyond Life," from behind the mask of John Charteris, he has said it all to us quite as elaborately and convincingly before. Only, I note one difference, and this difference is perhaps important. In the present book Mr. Cabell's interest is

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more narrowly confined to the artist's possible (but strictly private) escape from boredom. John Charteris of the earlier book ranged more widely. Romance, to Charteris, was not merely a private escape, but a well-spring of beneficent change; or say, rather, wings (not illusory wings, *real* wings) for the mounting spirit of man.

Man alone of animals (said John Charteris) plays the ape to his dreams. Romance it is undoubtedly who whispers to every man that life is not a blind and aimless business, not all a hopeless waste and confusion. The things of which romance assures him are very far from true; yet it is solely by believing himself a creature but little lower than the cherubim that man has by interminable small degrees become . . . distinctly superior to the chimpanzee. For it is about to-morrow . . . that romance is talking, by means of parables. And all the while man plays the ape to fairer and yet fairer dreams. . . We are being made into something quite unpredictable, I imagine: and through the purging and the smelting, we are sustained by an instinctive knowledge that we are being made into something better. For this we know . . . as surely as we know that we will to have it thus. . . And it is this will . . . in us to have the creatures of earth . . . not as they are, but "as they ought to be," which we call romance. But when we note how visibly it sways all life we perceive that we are talking about God.

What does the above extended passage mean? Is it all irony? Does it mean that all human progress is founded upon beautiful lies, the final and all-inclusive lie being man's conception of God? This is a possible interpretation. But even if it be the correct interpretation, even if Mr. Cabell composed that passage with tongue in cheek, it remains true that he was playing with ideas on the confines of mysticism. It would need but a slight shift in emphasis to make the passage a positive affirmation of the reality of our fairest and most audacious dreams. In short, that there is a mystical element here (however troublingly clouded with irony) is to be apparent.

But in "Straws and Prayer-Books" this mystical element is conspicuously absent. In forsaking the mask of John Charteris, Mr. Cabell has declined upon cynicism. Or as William Blake might have phrased it, "Urizen has conquered Los." Charteris, with however wry a smile, perceives at least that he has been talking about God; but Mr. Cabell, concluding here and now, runs a finger along the backs of his fifteen volumes. "Ah well," he says (though more elegantly), "life's a rotten mess, but anyway I've managed to do as I liked and get away with it. So I've not been quite as bored as I might have been. Humph—blessed be art, and the public be damned! Now to bed." (An allegorical bed, naturally; for those who sleep in it do not wake).

Not, of course, that I am questioning Mr. Cabell's right to his point of view—a point of view which, as he inevitably feels, reduces all life to an exquisite torture of emptiness. Only, I wonder at his declared ability to escape from this boredom through the private juggleries of art! Making elaborate and formal faces at unpersonified destiny seems an odd sort of intellectual solitaire, and I can only repeat my wonder that Mr. Cabell should have found his little game a sufficient antidote to *tædium vitae*. For when one has waded so deep into disillusion as up to the heart—when one has examined Maid Vae from behind and discovered her to be merely a "bright thin mask"—! . . . well, I confess it is very hard for me to believe that courteous Anavalt, when he had kissed Maid Vae, was really and finally content. . . . Mr. Cabell, by the bye, speaks of Jane Austen, George Borrow, Miguel de Cervantes, Henry James, Herman Melville, George Meredith, Friedrich Nietzsche, Thomas Love Peacock, François Rabelais, and Walt Whitman as "appalling persons" who have much annoyed him by their "relentless and deep tediousness."

For several years *The Bookman's Journal* of London has published a monthly analysis of the demands in England for first editions of modern British authors, based on the desiderata of second hand booksellers compiled from English trade papers. In the list for the four weeks ending November 22, printed in the December number, the ten leaders are as follows: John Galsworthy, Anthony Trollope, Joseph Conrad, Charles Dickens, Rudyard Kipling, W. H. Hudson, Sir J. M. Barrie, E. M. Forster, Michael Arlen, and Thomas Hardy. The list contains fifty-four names and it is surprising to find that Robert Louis Stevenson and Oscar Wilde at the foot. There are some indications that the demand for the less important authors has passed its peak, but the first editions of Conrad, Kipling, Hudson, and Stevenson will doubtless continue.

The BOWLING GREEN

A Mirror for Magistrates

THE Urchin and I were coming home from Baltimore with a suitcase full of old books, good old juvenile treasures such as "The Plant Hunters" (by Captain Mayne Reid, I hope I don't have to tell you) and "Voyage au Centre de la Terre" and "At the Back of the North Wind"; and even the tattered family copy of "Tom Holt's Log: A Tale of the Deep Sea." I don't know who wrote it, for the binding and title-page are both gone; and I don't know whether I dare reread it, for it's sure to be a disappointment. But it contains Polly, the first girl in fiction I ever fell in love with.

Of course quite a nice piece could be written about the sentimental pleasures of going along the shelves of vanished boyhood and bringing back, with an eight-year-old Urchin, some of the things that will now be his excitement. But while he was deep in "The Boy's Own Indoor Book" (Lippincott, 1890), seduced by the same fascinating chapter on How to Make a Toy Locomotive that used to delight me, I was getting out some old schoolbooks from the suitcase. Here was the edition of Milton's "Minor" Poems that I had used—no, not so awfully long ago; in 1905, to be exact. I fell to reading the Notes, which fill 71 pages of small type. (The poems, only 56 pages of much larger.) Then, in the sweet retired solitude of the B. & O. smoker, Contemplation began to plume her feathers and let grow her wings.

* * *

I don't quite know how to admit you to the traffic of my somewhat painful meditatings except by quoting a few of the notes my startled eyes encountered. I had forgotten that schoolbooks are like that. It is astounding that anyone ever grows up with a love for poetry. Was anything ever written more wholesomely to be enjoyed than "L'Allegro"? You remember the lines

> To hear the lark begin his flight,
> And, singing, startle the dull night,
> From his watch-tower in the skies,
> Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
> Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
> And at my window bid good-morrow . . .

Fairly translucent, aren't they? Mark you then what the fifteen-year-old finds in the Notes:

Then to come, etc. This passage is obscure. (1) It may mean that the lark is to come to L'Allegro's window and bid him "good-morrow." In this case we must make *to come* and *bid* depend on *to hear* (41), and suppose that the unusual *to* before *come* is made necessary by the distance between it and the governing verb. But such a construction is awkward. The interpretation, moreover, forces us to make the phrase *in spite of sorrow* almost meaningless by applying it to the lark; it makes it difficult to account for L'Allegro seeing the performance of the cock described below (51-52); and, finally, obliges us to suppose Milton ignorant of the lark's habits, since the bird never approaches human habitations—an ignorance we are not justified in assuming if the passage can be explained in some other way. (2) Another interpretation makes *to come* and *bid* depend on *admit* (38). "Awakened by the lark, the poet, after listening to that early song, arises to give a blithe good-morrow at his window. Other matin sounds are heard, and he goes forth," etc. (Browne). Those who adopt this view explain that he bids "good-morrow" to "the rising morn," "the new day," or "the world in general." (3) Masson, however, thinks that L'Allegro is already out of doors. "Milton, or whoever the imaginary speaker is, asks Mirth to admit him to her company and that of the nymph Liberty, and to let him enjoy the pleasures natural to such companionship (38-40). He then goes on to specify such pleasures, or to give examples of them. The first (41-44) is that of the sensations of early morning, when, walking round a country cottage, one hears the song of the mounting skylark, welcoming the signs of sunrise. The second is that of coming to the cottage window, looking in, and bidding a cheerful good-morrow, through the sweet-brier, vine, or eglantine, to those of the family who are also astir." This last interpretation is perhaps more in keeping with the good-hearted sociability of L'Allegro's character. But see Pattison, *Milton*, p. 23.

A little farther on we read in the poem that "every shepherd tells his tale Under the hawthorn in the dale."

Tells his tale. Counts the number of his sheep (Warton, on the suggestion of Headley). For *tell* meaning "count" and *tale* meaning "number," see *Psalm* xlviii. 12, *Exodus* v. 8, though it must be confessed that when *tell* and *tale* are combined, as in the present passage, "the almost invariable meaning is to narrate something" (Keightley). In view of this last fact, *tells his tale* is also interpreted as "relates his story"—*tale* being taken either in the general sense of "any story" or in the particular sense of "a love-tale." "But (1) this [particular sense] would be a somewhat abrupt use of the word *tale*. (2) The *every* shows that some piece of business is meant. (3) The context too shows that. (4) The early dawn is scarcely the time for love-making.

Signor Allegro mentions mountains. The Notes retort smartly "There are no mountains in the vicinity of Horton, where Milton probably wrote these poems." The poem refers to "towers and battlements"; Notes give us: "These," says Masson, "are almost evidently Windsor Castle." "With wanton heed and giddy cunning," writes Milton, having a gorgeous time (his pen spinning merrily for the instant) but Notes pluck us back with "The figure is an oxymoron; consult a dictionary and explain."

Truly, like the drudging goblin, the editor's

> shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
> That ten day-laborers could not end.

Fortunately our friend Morning Face, at fifteen, pays little attention to the insinuating questions and cross-references of the editor. Nor do I wish to seem unkind. This sort of smallbeer parsing has, I dare say, its usefulness. In the voice of genuine magistrates it may even be thrilling. But heavens! Do you intend children to read poetry as though it were a railway timetable?

* * *

I turned over to the Notes on "Comus." And—

I'm sorry: I can't go on quoting these nonsenses. If the pupil paid any genuine attention to them, which probably he doesn't, he'd get a queer kind of notion of how Milton wrote. He'd imagine that "Comus" was put together with the author's eyes on Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Shakespeare and what not, picking out the plums. Of course, a thing like "Comus" is likely to pass like a swoon over the head of Fifteen anyhow; it is too full of the things that no gross ear can hear. Yet it would seem that an annotator might say less about the Earl of Bridgewater and more of the fact that the masque was written by a boy of twenty-five, which accounts for so much that is gloriously Bachelor-of-Artish in it. Instead of memoranda about "pleonasms" and "quadrisyllables" it would perhaps make the thing more human to the luckless pupil if he realized that the Lady was so obviously a phantom of a high-minded young celibate's imagination. How delightfully young-Miltonian she is: how differently he would have done her after his marriage to Miss Powell. And the simpering and gooseberry-headed Brothers. . . . But I'm not a teacher of literature, I have no right, probably to expose my own ideas about such matters. After reading through the Notes on "Comus" in this very reputable edition (still used by thousands of children) I seemed to have been present at a murder. I could see the corpse of Milton in the ditch, and the bloody Piemontese—or was it the Modern Language Association—marching in lock-step down the highway.

* * *

The disturbing part of it all is that it renews the unpleasant suspicion that the professional teachers of "English" do not always have any very clear idea of what literature is all about, or how it is created. Such pitiable haggling over absurd irrelevancies is, in Don Marquis's fine phrase, to play veterinary to the horse with wings. Poetry, God help us, is men's own hearts and lives; it is both a confession and a concealment. It rarely means exactly what it seems to. If we knew why Milton reached his most magnificent vibrations of eloquence when speaking for Comus and for Satan we might know why—in the good old Lexicographer's phrase—he suffered at Cambridge "the publick indignity of corporal correction."

Poetry happens when a mind bursts into a sudden blaze; and the annotators gather round, warming their hands at a discreet distance as they remark that such and such a glowing ember is an echo from Horace or Virgil, or a description of Windsor Castle. As though a poet like Milton, in his godlike fit, gives a damn where the mysterious suggestion arose. To margent loveliness with such trivial scribble is (let's adapt one of Comus's own lines) to live like Poetry's bastards, not her sons. How shall we justify the ways—not of God to man, but of teachers to literature? And you will hunt in vain in the textbooks for the most human tribute ever paid to Milton. It is this: the only time Wordsworth ever got drunk was when he visited Milton's old rooms at Cambridge.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Library Publicity

THE LIBRARY AND THE COMMUNITY: Community Studies and Library Publicity. By JOSEPH L. WHEELER. New York: American Library Association. 1924. $2.85.

Reviewed by JOHN COTTON DANA
Newark Public Library

OUR country is sadly monotonous. The mental furniture of each adult unit of our hundred and odd million is as much like that of all the rest as is the material equipment of their respective homes. The variations in politics are not due to differences in thinking, but merely to the fact that some like one candidate and some another; and when our religions are not harmonious it means little more than variations in ceremonies or by-products of beliefs that are essentially alike.

Naturally, then, Mr. Wheeler has prepared for us a book on the Library and the Community which treats his subject as if all our communities were, in their fundamentals, by virtue of inheritance, of education, of laws of conformity, of our newspapers and of scores of other factors that make for sameness, cast in one and the same mold. And he was quite right in so doing. He looked at the U. S. as one community, of an astonishing likeness throughout. And he said—probably not consciously—my book must be fitted to this country, and it should, therefore, suggest conduct which will be helpful in all places; which it will be if it is fitted to any one place.

Probably one of the more potent of the factors which have brought about the rapid development of the library in recent years is this very likeness in the warp and woof of the web of life in these United States. It is amazing to realize that this book can be read and understood and its suggestions followed in any city, town, or hamlet of our land.

I am not saying that our omni-present sameness is helpful in all ways; I am trying to suggest that Mr. Wheeler's book is good in that he has prepared it for all of us. He tells us how to discover the idiosyncracies of our respective community; next how the community should think of its library; and then tells us how a community may be led to think of its library as it should.

But, with the traits which we have in common as a nation go minor differences. These mark out, for examples, one community as industrial and given to factories, another as agricultural, another as recreational, such as the seaside and mountain resorts, and another as made deeply complex by the coming of foreigners. These minor differences were evidently all noted in the preparation of his book, for Mr. Wheeler's suggestions cover the task of making a library better understood, more attractive, and more useful in communities of every kind.

Mr. Wheeler used for the basis of his book certain lectures which he gave for several years at the New York Library School; but its final preparation took all his spare time for about two years. The result is worth while. To one who recalls making the suggestion to the A. L. A. full thirty years ago that the Association publish a few leaflets, describing briefly the fundamentals of library technique, the existence of this volume is astonishing. It speaks of a growth of the library business far more loudly than does the mere increase in membership, from hundreds to thousands, in the Library Association itself. It has over 400 pages. It is not on the technique of the book-handling, which is the topic that many sought information about in 1894; but on the technique of publicity, a form of activity which under the title of advertising was just beginning to get recognition in good society when I made my suggestion. It is published by the A. L. A. itself; and what could better mark the growth in importance of our work than the coming of this book?

I have not looked for its shortcomings. Probably it has them. Indeed, I will venture to say that I miss in it that touch of the new, the novel, the inventiveness—often denounced as radicalism—which I fear the great library survey now being undertaken by the A. L. A. will tend rather to inhibit than to develop. But this book is not for innovations. It tells us what has been done; and so clearly and cleverly that anyone of us can go and do likewise.

First, it says to the librarian, look over the people who will use the books in your library and consider if you are clever enough to interest them in it. Then discover how your community came to be what it is, and in so doing become inevitably interested in it yourself. Consider neighboring towns and cities, railways, rivers, industries, educational advantages, literary interests, foreign population, government, journals, churches, etc., all to the end that you may make the institution in your charge an essential part of the daily life of your community.

A large task. Indeed, it is. But it has been done. Nowhere in all its completeness; but wonderfully well in parts, and about these well-done things the book tells in good detail.

Journalistic Annals

FORTY YEARS IN NEWSPAPERDOM. By MILTON A. MCRAE. Brentano's. 1924.

IS a newspaper an enterprise or an institution? One's answer is apt to depend on whether one talks realism or ideals. But there is a fairly sharp edged criterion, if one will accept it. A newspaper in order to qualify as an institution must be bigger than the man who runs it.

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The mind of such a man is worth knowing. Mr. McRae's book of reminiscences, a simply written, intimate recital of his life's doings and recollection, tells us a good deal about the kind of personality and the level of effort that go to the achievement of journalistic success. It not only contains clear glimpses of a score or so of the chief newspaper owners and builders of recent years, including the writer's own associates in the Scripps-McRae group, but it presents the views and principles of the author himself.

Mr. McRae speaks not chiefly as an editor, but as a publisher and organizer. He proves pretty well that he has had a rare gift for finding and keeping men competent to handle news and deal with public questions. He and his associates have to this extent found the way to institutionalize newspapers—to advance them beyond the limitations of one-man control.

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Books on French Literature

By HENRY DEXTER LEARNED
University of North Carolina

WITH all the smaller outlines of French literary history already on the market there ought to be something to please everybody. Yet the writer has yet to find the teacher of a "survey course" who is satisfied with a single one of them, or could use any one of them without supplementing it so extensively with lectures as to defeat the purpose for which the book was ordered. The trouble is that this sort of textbook writing has never been approached with a clear understanding of what such a book is for.

The 250-page manual covering the ten centuries between the "Cantilène de Ste. Eulalie" and Anatole France cannot conceivably be of any use except to the rank beginner who has never heard anything about it. Therefore the manual must not presuppose any knowledge whatever, but must go directly to the bottom of things, defining terms, untangling and simplifying movements. The student may not know what "epic" means; he will never ask his instructor, he will certainly not look it up in the dictionary, so a whole section on the early epics is practically lost on him unless the term "epic" be defined in the context. And it is still worse when he reads on about romances and humanisms and all the other isms. Outside the college classroom there are not a few who can be made to confess their difficulties when some circumstance impels them to seek a litle straightforward information, or just to "read up." This rules out the history written by a Frenchman; for no Frenchman could believe how abysmal is the ignorance of Americans—even of college students—in cultural matters. He will be writing clear over their heads most of the time. Besides, his manner of approach will seem almost that of a metaphysical philosopher, even when his readers know what he is talking about, and this manner is most unsympathetic to his audience.

There are two other subtler but perhaps more serious obstacles in the way of a French literary history written by a Frenchman. His judgment (shall we say, since the War?) has seemed—just a bit—relaxed. The publisher's blurb announcing Lanson's "Histoire Illustrée de la Littérature Française" (which is, however, of much greater scope than the 250-page manual) contains these lines, not, of course, from the pen of the distinguished and beloved scholar, but unfortunately typical of an uncritical attitude all too common:

> A toutes les époques la France a été à la tête de la civilisation; elle s'est toujours montrée la grande initiatrice; c'est chez elle qu'ont pris naissance ces puissants mouvements d'idées philosophiques et politiques qui ont transformé le monde et l'ont orienté vers de nouvelles destinées. Elle a été le guide qui, d'un geste, entrainait les peuples vers les routes de l'avenir, tenant le flambeau vers lequel se tournent les autres nations, inquiètes de la direction à suivre.

A couple of paragraphs follow in praise of mediæval French literature, then, continuing:

> Mais un souffle nouveau gonfle le cœur et anime les esprits. C'est la Renaissance, avec son admiration pour la beauté physique, son culte des nobles formes, son amour pour la nature, ses aspirations vers tout ce qui embellit la vie.

While an exaggerated patriotism may love a national product for imaginary qualities, the foreigner can only understand and love it for what it really is.

The other obstacle is that the French have not since the seventeenth century had great respect or regard for English letters. Those who have, like Montesquieu, or Voltaire, have said a number of things that the French have not enjoyed being told. A certain lack of intellectual *rapprochement* has resulted.

We must leave out of our manuals everything in the way of appreciation, beyond the most matter-of-fact statements. The way to kill a student's interest is to tell him how splendid a thing is when he hasn't read it and doesn't intend to read it. The practise should be to omit all but the barest statement unless space permits quoting at sufficient length for really effective illustration. The mere mention of an author or a work in a 250-page manual is appreciation enough.

What such a manual should do is to build a sort of framework out of just the big, crude ideas, set carefully on the bedrock of sure definition and propped all around with cross-references to familiar historical facts. The thing must be gone over at least twice to get any sort of knowledge: the first time sketchily, following a good, brief outline, in the survey course.

This first survey is not regarded with great sympathy by many teachers. Of course, it cannot pretend to be thorough. It is at best, and at its best, a dilettante affair. That may explain why scholars can't write textbooks for it. A scholar is necessarily a specialist in some particular field, some century or half-century, does not feel competent to discuss a remote period, or is not interested in it, and is unwilling to sign his name to a mere compilation, a rehash of what others have said about something he has not investigated thoroughly at first hand.

Unforunately, moreover, such scholars as have attempted brief manuals are too narrow, too much absorbed in the purely intellectual. It would seem impossible, for instance, to understand a writer of early nineteenth century France except in the light of the political and economic conditions under which he lived. To take a concrete case, explain, if you please, the appeal of dogmatic theology and a fantastic conception of the American wilderness to Chateaubriand—explain this without reference to anything but intellectual matters: how can you expect a student to make any sense out of it? There is none. Yet the best manual we have does just that.

And the return to dogmatic theology and romanticism within the past decade, when mid-Victorian objections to evolution are exhumed or a book like "Maria Chapdelaine" experiences a sudden popularity, must, in significant measure, function as a defense reaction of post-War psychology to the effects of post-War economics. But this is no part of literary history, none of its business, to judge by the manuals, and so this literary history becomes essentially a series of half-connected, often wholly disconnected statements, to be learned by rote, and loses interest in proportion as it loses contact with life.

Why should there be so much beating about the bush whenever we strike the trail of Romanticism? Certainly it can be defined, easily and neatly, as an *escape from reality*—those three words include all that has ever been said on the subject. Then let the student theorize: even if he is wrong, he cannot fail to gain illuminating general conceptions. Romanticism will characterize the work of a restless, unhappy author, and his work will be popular in proportion as his audience shares, for any reason, his own spiritual state: revolution, *mal du siècle*—oh, yes, Victor Hugo, George Sand, Musset; then Rousseau's tortured life, Fénelon's utopianism in "Télémaque," the beautiful religious faith of poor Villon, the appeal of Arthurian legend to court ladies seeking release from their castled tedium in the days of Wace and Chrétien—all fall into a rational scheme, become an organic part of human history. The theory and the scheme may be all wrong: what of it? Do we not forget the absurdity of Dante's geography and celestial mechanics? Columbus died ignorant of the fault in his reckoning.

But the most conspicuous failure is in the universal treatment of the Renaissance as an artistic, intellectual phenomenon, with hardly a word, never an emphatic word, about the rise to affluence and leisure of commoners who brought to their new intellectual pastimes fresh minds, untrammelled by aristocratic conventionality and traditions. Take, for instance, this statement from one of our latest importations, effectually buried in an apology for the vulgarity of the fabliau (as though, "scorning the base degrees," one needed to apologize for lowly beginnings of greatness!) and half-misinterpreted by his metaphorical introductory clause:

> Tandis que les seigneurs s'agrandissaient dans leurs expéditions des croisades, les bourgeois s'enrichissaient par le commerce; ils achetaient ou obtenaient de force leurs libertés communales. Les trouvères s'efforcent de plaire à ce public nouveau qui les paie bien.

If any chapter in such a book is more important than the rest, it is this chapter, which tells us how our world differs from Dante's or Caesar's or Abraham's. The Turkish threat to the center of Greek culture would no more have started the Renaissance than had the Crusades, if the western world had not been ready—mind *and purse*—in the fifteenth century and the late fourteenth as it was not in the twelfth or thirteenth. But, of course, all that is not literary history: it is political history, or economics, in which one finds brief mention, indeed, of Boccaccio or Chaucer or Ronsard.

A book about French literature that would make things intelligible, and hence interesting, from all sorts of viewpoints *besides* the literary historian's would be a real contribution to American life.

SCRIBNERS

Charles Scribner's Sons

list here a group of new and recent books which are being widely read. It has been necessary to reprint each of these books in the last few weeks.

3d Printing
The Diary of a Dude-Wrangler
By Struthers Burt $3.00

4th Printing
The Price of Freedom
By Calvin Coolidge $2.50

2d Printing
What Ails Our Youth?
By George A. Coe $1.25

2d Printing
Cowboys North and South
By Will James $3.50

2d Printing
A Popular History of American Invention 2 *Vols.* $10.00

6th Printing
How to Write Short Stories
By Ring W. Lardner $2.00

2d Printing
Impressions of Great Naturalists
By Henry Fairfield Osborn $2.50

4th Printing
The Red Riders
By Thomas Nelson Page $2.00

2d Printing
Letters from Theodore Roosevelt to Anna Roosevelt Cowles, 1870-1918 $2.50

2d Printing
Racial Realities in Europe
By Lothrop Stoddard $3.00

7th Printing
From Immigrant to Inventor
By Michael Pupin $4.00

3d Printing
My Musical Life
By Walter Damrosch $4.00

8th Printing
The Forsyte Saga
By John Galsworthy $2.00

8th Printing
The White Monkey
By John Galsworthy $2.00

4th Printing
Mankind at the Crossroads
By Edward M. East $3.50

2d Printing
The Three Fountains
By Stark Young $2.00

By all indications, a new printing will soon be required of "Dogs and Men," the Peter Pan dog book, by MARY ANSELL [$1.50]. Two of Mary Ansell's dogs were among the most famous in literature—the original of Nana, in "Peter Pan," and Porthos, who figures in Barrie's "The Little White Bird."

These books are on sale at all bookstores

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Foreign Literature

German Politics

DAS VORSPIEL. By Theodor Wolff. Munich: Verlag für Kulturpolitik. 1924.
DIE GROSSE POLITIK DER EUROPÆISCHEN KABINETTE. A collection of documents. Berlin: Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft für Politik und Geschichte. 1924.
DER AUFBAU DER DEUTSCHEN WELTMACHT. By A. von Tirpitz. Stuttgart: Verlag J. G. Cotta'sche Buchhandlung Nachfolger. 1924.
EUROPA IRREDENTA. By Max Hildebert. Berlin: Verlag von Reimar Hobbing. 1924.

Reviewed by GISELLA ADAM.

TO many observers it seems that the farther we are getting away from the war the more interesting are becoming the contributions of its participants to a more thorough understanding of the world cataclysm. One is puzzled to state whether the author of the "Vorspiel" can be considered as a part of that huge machinery that makes history. He has never held any post in the German government and, consequently, his name has never been mentioned in the headlines as the author of some clever diplomatic device. In fact, the author is one who writes the headlines since he is the editor-in-chief of that pride of German journalism, the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

Theodor Wolff has built up a reputation for his paper which is not equalled by many editors. The brilliant qualities he possesses, an extremely lucid style, clear vision and never-questioned honesty, have made him and his paper an authority in questions relating to the life of Germany. An editorial comment by Theodor Wolff is a pronunciamento which is quoted all over the country. Theodor Wolff's pen is so powerful that diplomats, financial and industrial magnates consider it a privilege if they are permitted to enter the circle of that select few who are the intimate friends of the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

Theodor Wolff has now stepped forward with a volume that is perhaps better than any "war literature" that has been published in Germany heretofore, although Wolff's book does not even treat the picturesquely horrible events of the great war itself. It gives merely the background of the great disaster. Its author calls it a "prelude," and one is in duty bound to admit that this appellation is correct. The petty and gross diplomatic conflicts which he describes with the aid of considerable documentary material contain the germs of the world conflict. Herr Wolff is in possession of a great wealth of documentary material, mostly private letters from Germany's most outstanding statesmen, some of which may be termed sensational. He has the faculty of inspiring people to say the truth even if they are most anxious to keep secret their thoughts.

Considerable space is devoted in Herr Wolff's book to the fall of M. Delcassé, French minister of foreign affairs. For a long time the supposition was prevalent in France that the fall of the father of the French-English alliance was due to the machinations of the German foreign office. Herr Wolff, while assessing a part of responsibility on the leading German diplomats, points out that Delcassé's dismissal from power was the consequence of the victory in M. Rouvier's cabinet of the policy of reconciliation. Delcassé's vote in favor of preparing for war against Germany was simply overridden. In a dramatic fashion, Herr Wolff describes the events of that notable cabinet council at the end of which Delcassé left the council room, his eyes filled with tears, firmly convinced that the end of his policy meant the ruin of France.

A similar pathetic event is described in connection with the conclusion of a secret agreement between the Kaiser and the Czar.

The most recent volume of the diplomatic documents of the German Foreign Office, published under the title of "Der Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette" devotes much space to a three-cornered quarrel in which the participants were likewise the Kaiser, the Czar, and Bülow. The Kaiser did everything in his power to convince the Czar that the "yellow peril" was imminent and that Russia had to defend civilization against its onrush. This was shortly prior to the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war. In practically every letter, addressed to the Czar, the Kaiser insisted that war must be declared immediately. Bülow, on the other hand, was anxious not to commit Germany to the support of either side in this conflict. He was apprehensive lest the Czar call upon the Kaiser to aid him in repelling the peril in the depiction of which the German ruler was so eloquent. At the same time, Bülow was concerned over the consequences of a Russian defeat which might reflect upon Germany's neutrality by convincing the Czar that Wilhelm II. had urged him to rush into his own undoing. The Kaiser's comment on Bülow's remarks was that he thought he might be permitted to express his private opinion without being forced to submit his purely personal letters to the censorship of the chancellor.

Admiral von Tirpitz, who contributes a second volume to Germany's post-war jingo literature, desires to convince the world that if Germany had been given the opportunity of executing her ambitious naval program the world war would never have broken out. He complains bitterly that the diplomats and more particularly Herr Bethmann Hollweg, the chancellor, and Kiderlen-Waechter, Germany's secretary of foreign affairs, blocked not only his efforts in this direction but also gave aid and comfort to the enemy. He withdraws in the present volume some of the bitter remarks he had made in his previous book apropos of the Kaiser and humbly grumbles his declaration of faith that one day the Hohenzollerns will rule over Germany.

Mr. Hildebert draws a sombre picture of a "Europa Irredenta," which is seething with the suppressed anger of the nationalities whose rights had been curtailed as a consequence of the war. He foresees dire consequences if the victors do not surrender part of the spoils they had wrenched from the vanquished foe. In the author's opinion, while formerly there was only a comparatively small strip of territory afflicted by the plague of irredentism, today about one-half of Europe's area is addicted to thinking in terms of *revanche* and of a new war. The policy of fulfilment as applied to Germany has the whole-hearted censure of the author. He sees Austria humiliated in the shackles of alien interests. Hungary, Bavaria, Saxonia, Bulgaria and many other sore spots of the Balkans are in the danger of being caught in a whirlwind sweeping all over Europe and demolishing a makeshift contraption which, in the author's opinion, has been superimposed upon the peoples of Europe. Peace cannot return to Europe before the problem of nationalities is solved. This is, according to the author, the crucial point of Europe's rehabilitation, the adequate appreciation of which will decide its fate.

Foreign Notes

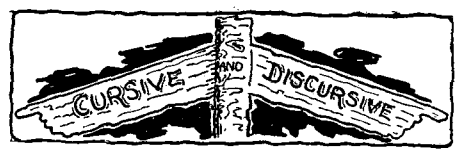
STUDENTS of the Italian Risorgimento will welcome with interest the volume in which Guido Pasolini has presented the letters exchanged in the years 1846-1854 between his grandfather, Count Giuseppe Pasolini, and the famous Italian statesman, Marco Minghetti. Both men were Papal subjects, both members of the Liberal Party, both imbued with an intense devotion to Italy, and both hoped to see their country united under a confederation of free states independent of foreign control. Their letters touch upon all affairs of public moment, and deal with matters of literary and social nature as well as of economic and political. The present volume, "Carteggio Minghetti-Pasolini" (Rome: Bocca) is to be followed by a second covering the period of 1859-1861.

⁂

One of the minor artists of the early eighteenth century, Gian Paolo Pannani, has found an able chronicler in Leandro Ozzola, whose life of the painter recently isued (Turin: Edizioni d'Arte E. Celanza) is said by foreign critics to be a sound and interesting discussion of the art as well as an account of the life of the man. His book, in addition to its illuminating sketch of Pannini, contains excellent reproductions of fifty of his most representative paintings and drawings, together with a full biography and iconography.

⁂

According to news notes from England, May Sinclair has finished a new novel; A. A. Milne may possibly have a successor to "The Red House Mystery" ready by Spring; Philip Guedalla has in hand a series of entertaining essays on the Fathers of the American Revolution, including George III, George Washington, Lafayette and more than half a dozen others; Mrs. Riddell has now completed her second novel following "Kenya Mist"; the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" has a novel under way; Mrs. L. Allen Harker, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Mrs. Rosita Forbes, Miss Mary Borden, and Miss Margaret Kennedy have new novels in preparation.



By THE PHOENICIAN

MR. GORDON C. POOLE, President of the Esoterika Biblion Society, calls our attention to this society, which numbers among its members lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, professors, newspaper editors, engineers, and one house-painter. We should like to know that esoteric house-painter! Mr. Poole invites us to drop in at 45 West 45th Street and browse around, or call Bryant 4444. The Society is a private library for the discriminating few. Here the person of cultivated tastes can read and enjoy, at small expense, literary treasures hitherto available only to individual collectors. A list of books typical of those in the Society's library seems to us to cover a wide range, and to be by no means confined to curiosa.

⁂

As to all this fuss about *Michael Arlen*, we meditate upon certain advices concerning him, which have come to us elliptically. He wrote "The Green Hat," we learn, in two months, working ten hours per day. Also (odd as it may seem!) he began with the first chapter. Having sold the book as a play both in America and England, he now finds it necessary to turn it into a play. He will start the first act in Deauville, eighteen hours after the death of Boy Fenwick. The last act is to be at Sutton Marle. He will write no more novels for at least two years, but is at work upon a successor to "These Charming People," to be called "May Fair." This book will start and end with a story about Shelmerdene, as will all subsequent books of short stories he writes. He got twenty-five thousand cold cash for the American movie rights of "The Green Hat."

⁂

And now we have to mention several prizes. First The Atlantic Monthly Press announces that *Clifford M. Sublette*, a fruit grower (not an apartment-dweller!) of Harlingen, Texas, on the Mexican border, has won the two thousand beanos constituing the *Charles Boardman Hawes* Prize for an adventure story. Mr. Sublette's prize-winning novel, "The Scarlet Cockerel," will be published March first. The author is thirty-seven and has never written a novel before, though he has composed short stories. His novel is a tale of the sixteenth century, of French Huguenot colonists in the Carolinas. Then, too, *William Russell Clark*, editor of *The Buccaneer*, Southern Methodist University, has supplied the wherewithal for three prizes for original poems in 1925. The first and national prize is one hundred dollars and the contest open to all undergraduates of American universities and colleges. The Texas prize is fifty dollars, contest open to all undergraduates in Texas us and cs. The Local Prize is twenty-five bones, open only to undergrads of Southern Methodist. *John Farrar*, *Du Bose Heyward* and *John Crowe Ransom* are the committee to award the national prize. Write *Jay B. J. Hubbell*, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas, for further info.

⁂

Mention of "The Scarlet Cockerel" reminds us of The Golden Cockerel Press, whose publications are imported by *Stanley Nott*, at 12 West 47th. Looking over samples of them, which Mr. Nott has produced for our inspection, we are altogether charmed by the printing of the Moral Maxims of *La Rochefoucault*. The binding also is elegantly chaste. But we do not care at all for *Thomas Lowinsky's* illustrations to *Milton's* "Paradise Regained." Though perfectly decorous, the style of drawing strikes us as scrofulous. From these we turn to solace our eyes with the title pages of *William Pickering*, in the memoir and hand-list of his editions by *Geoffrey Keynes*. Finally come two sumptuous volumes of *Brantôme's* "The Lives of Gallant Ladies." This particular translation was printed for members and subscribers of the New Aretine Society. The woodcuts by *Robert Gibbings* are anything but discreet, but are excellent woodcuts. The hand-set Caslon Old Face 'English' is delightful to the eye and the Dutch hand-made paper equally pleasant.

⁂

Burton Stevenson's famous "Home Book of Verse" is to be supplemented this spring with a new volume, "The Home Book of Modern Verse." This looks to be the most comprehensive compendium of modern verse yet published. It will contain biographical notices of all the poets whose work is included.

Boni & Liveright

announce that no copy now available of their editions of

Intimate Letters of
James Gibbons Huneker,
limited to 2000 numbered copies;

An Anthology of Pure Poetry, by
George Moore,
autographed, limited to 1000 numbered copies; and

The Complete Poems of
Francois Villon
the new John Heron Lepper translation with other complete versions, limited to 1000 numbered copies.

Volumes in these editions are available at bookstores.

Just Published—
Six Masterpieces of
Emile Zola "Zola was good. He had the candor and the simplicity of great minds. He was profoundly moral. He has conquered glory." —*Anatole France.*

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The Collected Works of
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To Be Published—
An American Tragedy *by Theodore Dreiser* Before the trade edition of Mr. Dreiser's new novel, his first in eight years, is issued in the late Spring, a special large paper edition will be published, limited to 595 copies, signed by the author. $7.50

The New Spoon River *by Edgar Lee Masters* A few copies remain of the autographed, limited first edition. 350 copies. Octavo, all rag laid paper, vellum back, boxed. They may be obtained from booksellers. $10.00

Travels in Arabia Deserta *by Charles M. Doughty* Printed in facsimile of the rare Cambridge edition selling at three times the cost, this immortal classic is now available, complete, unabridged, for the American public. Published in conjunction with Jonathan Cape of London. Our third importation is nearly exhausted. With an introduction by Col. Thomas E. Lawrence that is one of the most perfect tributes in literature. Two volumes octavo, boxed. $17.50

Main Currents in 19th Century Literature *by George Brandes* Out of print for more than ten years. The publishers, in cooperation with William Heinemann of London have issued this new edition in six volumes. Octavo. Illustrated. Six volumes, $18.00 per set.

This year we shall publish the first complete, uniform edition of the works of Henri Beyle Stendahl translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff.

Boni & Liveright, N. Y.

B&L GOOD BOOKS

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Announcement

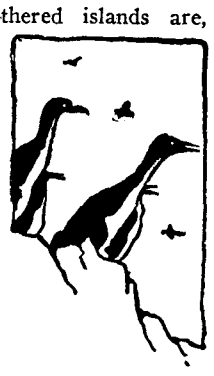
For some time back the House of Putnam has devoted much attention to beautiful books on Travel, Natural History and Science. The rule has been to secure writers of authority and importance and bring out their works in editions notable for the quality of bindings, format and illustrations. Each book is worthy of preservation upon the shelves of the home library, to be taken down and read again and again. Each book is a gateway into a glamorous world, an escape from the dust and heat of every-day city life.

Among the books of this sort which bear the Putnam imprint are THE OUTLINE OF SCIENCE, THE WONDERS OF THE PAST and THE WORLD OF TODAY, each in four volumes, beautifully illustrated. Then there is William Beebe's famous GALAPAGOS: WORLD'S END, with its beautiful prose, its elevated philosophy and its wealth of detail. Rockwell Kent has contributed two of the most beautiful books in the series—WILDERNESS and VOYAGING, books of rare distinction illustrated by the author himself. Each publishing season brings a new contribution to the list.

The latest volume of this category is BIRD ISLANDS OF PERU by Robert Cushman Murphy, member of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History and one of the foremost scientists of these times.

BIRD ISLANDS OF PERU is the record of scientific discovery and adventures in the barren islands and along the sea coast of western South America. And it is more than this because Mr. Murphy, like Mr. Beebe, is interested in all the universe as well as in a small corner of it. He has written several fascinating chapters on the records and archæological discoveries concerning the primitive peoples who inhabited the western parts of South America in the days before the coming of Pizarro.

The bird-smothered islands are, of course, the source of one of the world's greatest industries—the production and transportation of guano. Flights of birds which darken the face of the sun have left deposits on these islands which bring life and fertility to worn-out acres in all parts of the world.



The Humboldt current and the life which is carried on in its bosom are also dealt with in detail by the brilliant pen of the scientist.

Aside from these things, the book is notable for its beautiful binding and the great number of fine illustrations. It is large octavo in size and sells for five dollars.

While discussing books of travel it is well not to overlook FAR HARBORS and THE MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE, two books of unusual interest to globe trotters. Both are well illustrated and lack the obnoxious features of guide books.

G·P·PUTNAM'S SONS
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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

A HUDSON ANTHOLOGY. Arranged by EDWARD GARNETT. Dutton. 1924. $3.

A sampler, in the tobacco or confectionery sense; a well-directed dipping into Hudson. Its object is "to open peoples' eyes and whet their appetites." It may be a question how many people with suitable eyes and appetites are likelier to find him in this than in the ordinary way. The selections are good. The arrangement is, within classes, chronological, except that "Far Away and Long Ago" is wisely displaced to the beginning. The representation of the fiction comes at the end, and that seems less wise, especially as the preceding division, representing the "English nature and bird books," makes up almost half the bulk of the anthology; those, to a general public, are Hudson's less enticing works; they are for lovers of a sort of greatly magnified John Burroughs. They all contain wonderful passages, but some of them are so uneven that such passages as samples do them more than justice.

LITERARY GENIUS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By *P. C. Sands*. Oxford. $1.50.

POP GOES THE WEASEL. By *T. W. H. Crosland*. London: Fortune & Merriman.

THE MEN WHO MAKE OUR NOVELS. By *Charles C. Baldwin*. Third Edition. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

CHARLES DICKENS. By *George Gissing*. Dodd, Mead. $3.

Fiction

BLUE TIGER. By HARRY R. CALDWELL. Abingdon Press. 1924. $2.50.

Mr. Caldwell, born and raised in the Tennessee mountains, is or till recently was a missionary in Fukien province, China, which is infested with man-eating tigers and overrun with warring hordes of bandits and soldiery. He has had the riskiest sorts of personal dealings with them both. Yet in spite of his simplicity and modesty, which leave it to readers to realize how much of a man and even how much of a game shot is addressing them, he himself shows through as the most interesting thing he writes about.

He appears to have gone to the heathen in youth with a touch of the consuming and sometimes fanatical religiousness that is common in the region of his birth. His idea was to bring souls to Christ with all his might and do nothing else. A year of such endeavor broke him down. Then a sensible bishop advised him to resume his boyhood hobbies, hunting and natural history. The results were that the intense young Tennessean became human, that his prowess with his rifle made his missionary labors as effective as he had dreamed, and that his holidays yielded a rich by-product of service to zoology.

We hear a good deal about "he men." This is one. As an author he is warmly introduced by Roy Chapman Andrews.

THE ENCHANTED WANDERER. By NICOLAI LYESKOV. Translated by A. G. PASCHKOFF. Edited with an Introduction by MAXIM GORKY. McBride. 1924. $2.50.

One needs no great powers of penetration to be aware that the translated version of "The Enchanted Wanderer," by Nicolai Lyeskov, represents little more than the wreck of what was presumably an outstanding bit of literature. It is with the brightest expectations that one first delves into the pages of this book, for one cannot but credit Maxim Gorky's introductory remark that, "As a literary artist, Lyeskov is assuredly worthy of being placed on a level with such masters of Russian literature as Tolstoy, Gogol, Turgeniev, and Goncharov." Subsequently, Gorky speaks of the "beauty and power" of Lyeskov's talent, of "the large way in which he handled life," of "his profound understanding of the common riddles," and of "his subtle knowledge of Russian speech;" and, indeed, one finds evidence of all these qualities except the last; but always they seem somewhat dimmed and attenuated, always they are seen as through a haze dully, always they strike one as the indication of attainment rather than as the embodiment of that attainment itself. One finds it impossible to believe that the style of the original was not more spirited, powerful, and graceful than that of the translation; one can hardly imagine that Lyeskov himself could have perpetrated sentences such as the following, which is only typical: "Having settled in my mind to play with the lancer, I began to think of the best way of getting a rise out of him and making him go for me."

But despite all the losses of translation, the book retains a certain narrative fascination as well as the charm of its highly exotic setting. The story itself concerns a man doomed to wander for years and to "perish" many times as the penalty for having unintentionally slain an old monk; and in the unfolding of the picaresque plot we obtain many a valuable insight into the workings of the Russian mind, into its weird superstitions, its odd imaginings, its kindliness and its trickery, its child-like simplicity and its calculating shrewdness. One would hardly call the tale realistic, since it is not without elements of the eerie and the supernatural; yet it provides one with a realistic insight into the life of the Russian peasant, and even through a maze of fantastic events one may divine something of customs and habits of thought as remote from our own as are those of King Arthur or of Beowulf.

THE HOUNDED MAN. By *Francis Carco*. Seltzer. $2.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER SHIP. By *Stanley Hart Cauffman*. Penn.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1924 AND THE YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY. Edited by *Edward J. O'Brien*. Small, Maynard.

THE RED LACQUER CASE. By *Patricia Wentworth*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.

THE THUNDERING HERD. By *Zane Grey*. Harpers. $2.

Juvenile

RECITATIONS OLD AND NEW FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By GRACE GAIGE. Appleton. 1924. $3.

"Audiences," as Christopher Morley says in his delightfully keen foreword to this attractive collection, "don't want to be improved, they want to be amused, or thrilled, or frightened." This is a book to help all those who have anything to do with Recitation Days, whether they sit in front or stand with shaking knees behind the footlights. Of course all the old favorites are to be found here from "Marco Bozzaris" to "I Love Little Pussy" and "Jest 'Fore Christmas." There has been an effort to classify them under such appropriate headings as: "Patriotism," "Flowers and Seasons"; "Humor," etc., but the section labeled "Miscellaneous" is by far the most appealing. Here one may find Shelley's "Invitation" between Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" and Thackeray's "Cane Bottomed Chair," or Keat's "Endymion" with "Hiawatha" for a next door neighbor, which is thoroughly in keeping with Recitation Day programs and only goes to prove Mr. Morley's point.

AMERICAN HISTORY STORIES. For Very Young Readers. By EVA MARCH TAPPAN. Houghton, Mifflin. 1924. $1.75.

STORIES OF PEOPLE WORTH WHILE. By KITTY PARSONS. Revell. 1924. $1.25.

These two books, similar in size and make-up except that only the first is illustrated, differ both in the angle from which they are written and the age for which they are designed. Miss Tappan's collection of little historical stories is for young children, another in her long list of similar instructive books; it is drawn entirely from American history and is cast distinctly in story form—successfully so except that some of the separate units are almost too brief. The subjects are good, however, especially in several of the more modern ones; for example, the histories of the three patriotic hymns.

In "Stories of People Worth While," Miss Parsons has chosen, as she herself says, "people who have done great things rather than people who are widely famous," and this is an interesting point of departure. She writes supposedly for children "from eight upwards," but I should add two or three years to this for she uses a true biographical mould rather than the story form of our other volume, and even with much simplification both in language and in selection of incidents this involves a good deal of "was born at—studied at—was married to—"

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

etc., to which a young child pays little or no attention. In some chapters there is enough dramatic material to carry this too-concise information, but not always; the book is in this way rather uneven. Most of the selection of topics, however, is excellent, especially so in several cases, and the narratives are interesting.

One comment applies to both these books. It is difficult in such collections of unconnected stories or events to secure in the child's mind any orientation of the person or happening in relation to a given country or a given period in history; in other words, to place the story in a background. It is probably impossible to do this completely in small compass, but to keep the attempt in mind, would, I think, be of advantage to both these authors—and to many others. The chronological and geographical confusion in children's minds, in regard to stories familiar and complete in themselves would amaze many a grown-up if fully realized.

Miscellaneous

A KNIGHT'S LIFE IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY. By WALTER CLIFFORD MELLER. New York: Greenberg. 1924. $8.

This is an exhaustive work limited to 250 copies, put forth by a new publisher who is swiftly making a name for himself through the production of books of unusual value in *belles lettres*. Dr. Meller's work which reveals long and thorough research, is a colorful canvas of the age of chivalry full of fascinating detail regarding armour, knight-errantry, jousts and tournaments, the chase, the crusades, military religious orders and so on. One can follow the training of a knight from his boyhood, and gain a vivid idea of his daily existence against the tapestried background of the Middle Ages. Scholars will find the volume excellent in learning while through it the layman may enter an enchanted realm. "A very great portion of the material," says the author in his preface, "is drawn from books difficult to obtain in the usual libraries, and also, when found, in old and difficult French. Many of the ballads quoted are from a French author less known than our English Chaucer." These ballads are given both in the original and in translation. The author is a noted scholar of St. John's College, Oxford.

DR. LITTLE'S DOG BOOK. By *George Watson Little*. McBride.

PUBLIC EMPLOYMENT OFFICES. By *Shelby M. Harrison*. Russell Sage Foundation. $3.50 net.

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NORTH STAR NAVIGATION. By *L. M. Berkeley*. New York: White Book & Supply Co., 36 West 91st St.

VOLUME TWO. By *Grant Hyde Code*.

THE BOOK OF THE RANKS AND DIGNITIES OF BRITISH SOCIETY. Lately attributed to *Charles Lamb*. Scribners. $1.75.

SKILL IN WORK AND PLAY. By *T. H. Pear*. Dutton. $2.

MAINE FORTS. By *Henry E. Dunnack*. Augusta, Me. Chas. E. Nash.

FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS. By *Antoinette Felesky*. New York: Pioneer Publishing Co. $3.50 net.

RHYMING DICTIONARY. By *P. R. Bennett*. Dutton. 70 cents.

ASTROLOGY OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. By *Karma*. Stokes.

Science

A HANDBOOK OF SOLAR ECLIPSES. By ISABEL M. LEWIS. Duffield. 1924. $1.

From time immemorial man has been strangely impressed with the total eclipse of the sun. Among the early tribes and races of men, and down to the later Middle Ages the feeling excited by the gradual blotting out of the sun was one of abject terror. In modern times, however, the cause of eclipses is generally understood, and keen scientific enthusiasm has displaced the fear inspired in past ages. On the twenty-fourth of January, 1925, we are to have a total solar eclipse which may be seen in Michigan, New York, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, thus covering the most densely populated part of the country; the first to visit New York and New England since 1806, and the last to be seen in this region for many decades. Realizing the great interest to be aroused over such a rare event, Miss Lewis, of the Nautical Almanac office of the U. S. Naval Observatory, has prepared this study of solar eclipses. Though she deals with a highly technical subject, she has succeeded not only in giving a most readable and entertaining account of the phenomena connected with eclipses, but also manages to spread the contagion of her very evident enthusiasm to her readers. The chapter on How to View the Eclipse will appeal to many amateur astronomers, who will wish to know what are the most interesting features to be seen. Miss Lewis is known already to many readers from her previous books, "Astronomy for Young Folks," and "Splendors of the Skies."

X-RAYS AND CRYSTAL STRUCTURE. By W. H. BRAGG and W. L. BRAGG. Harcourt, Brace. New Edition. 1923.

When V. Laue made the discovery in 1912 that X-rays could be diffracted by means of the internal structure of crystals, he not only definitely proved that the X-ray was an electro-magnetic form of radiation belonging to the same series as light waves, but his work also furnished an entirely new method for the investigation of the structure of crystals. Now instead of theorizing concerning the internal arrangement of the atoms of a crystal, we find ourselves able not only definitely to determine in many cases the structure, but even to measure the actual distances between the atoms. In the last decade an enormous amount of work has been accomplished along these lines, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the results already obtained are among the most important contributions that the science of physics has made during this period.

The English physicists, W. H. and W. L. Bragg, father and son, were pioneer workers in this field. They first published this book in 1915 and it was reprinted in 1916 and 1918. The present edition has been considerably enlarged in order to give an account of the subject up to 1923. While the matter treated is highly technical, the authors have succeeded in giving such a simple and clear treatment of it that a layman will find much of interest in its reading.

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The Reader's Guide

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Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION FOR WEEK-END READING

THE MATRIARCH. By G. B. STERN. (Knopf).

THE OCCIDENT AND THE ORIENT. By SIR VALENTINE CHIROL (University of Chicago).

A HANDBOOK OF SOLAR ECLIPSES. By ISABEL M. LEWIS. (Duffield).

I. McF., Brooklyn, tells P. M. W., who asked for a literary geography of the United States like the one for Europe in Everyman's Library, that the very next number of that invaluable collection is the book for which he is looking, and sure enough there it is, Vol. 1, Europe; Vol. 2, America; Vol. 3, Asia; Vol. 4, Africa and Australia, of J. G. Bartholomew's "Atlas of Literary and Historical Geography."

THE number of times I have given up a book for lost and then found it in Everyman's I cannot estimate. And *E. A. F., Cleveland, O.*, adds to the books on religious denominations in this country the "Handbook of All Denominations," by M. Phelan (Smith & Lamar, Nashville, Tenn.), saying, "It is briefer than Dr. Carroll's book, and with the single exception of the account of the Roman Catholics, fair-minded as well as informing." This assistance emboldens me to ask someone to tell *F. M. W., Portland, Ore.*, the original English for the following French quotation from the "Journal" of Emerson, cited in a French book in reference to the French revolution of 1848:

Rien n'est plus frappant que l'espèce d'identité de la France a travers ses changements. C'est comme la continuité d'une veritable personne.

There are ten volumes of the "Journal" (Houghton Mifflin), but the first six are before 1848.

Elgy, New York, has a friend who knows so much about books "that he is sometimes called Mr. Becker," but even this omniscient gentleman cannot answer the question he sends.

DETERMINED to deserve this cata-cornered compliment, I went to headquarters and asked Professor La Rue Van Hook, author of "Greek Life and Thought" (Columbia University Press) to reply. The request, impelled by the recent reports of the discovery of the lost books of Livy, was for the names of books that would tell the general reader where the originals of Greek and Roman classics are located, how they were found, when, and by whom. Professor Van Hook says that F. W. Hall's "A Companion to Classical Texts" (Oxford, 1913) discusses the ancient books, the text of Greek and Latin authors in ancient times, and the history of Latin texts. See also the article "Palaeography" in the Encyclopedia Britannica. For the preservation of Greek literature see Gilbert Murray's "The 'Tradition' of Greek Literature" in the *Yale Review*," Vol. 2, pp. 215-233, and Smith's "The Recovery of Lost Greek Literature." In the same review, July, 1914, Professor Van Hook's own book, "Greek Life and Thought," devotes chapter 19 to "Greek Writing and Books"; there is another reference on pp. 282-4. Besides being scholarly, sympathetic, and spirited in itself, this book has a bibliography that will outfit anyone for extended study of all sides of its subject.

P. E. A., Wichita, Kan., says: "'The Ballad of Angel May' which appeared in the November 22 issue of the Saturday Review *has whetted my appetite for more accounts of the doings of May and her beef-herding brothers. Perhaps you could provide for said interest and appetite by suggesting a list of American cowboy ballads and songs now available in published form."*

THERE are several collections of ballads of the cow-country, though I cannot promise that all the entries come up to the one celebrating my frolicsome namesake. "Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads," collected by John A. Lomax (Macmillan), has not only the words of the songs but the music of seventeen of them. His other collection, "Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp" (Macmillan) is a valuable addition to this, without music but with plenty of local color. Another collection is N. Howard Thorp's "Songs of the Cowboys" (Houghton Mifflin, 1921). Add to these E. A. Brininstool's own poems, "Trail Dust of a Maverick," now published by the author at Los Angeles, and articles by J. Frank Dobie in the *Texas Review*, 1920, Vol. 5, and J. A. Lomax in the *Sewanee Review*, 1911, Vol. 19. The subject is treated in relation to English and Scottish popular ballads in *Modern Philology*, Chicago, 1913, and in the always interesting *Journal of American Folk Lore*, Lancaster, Pa., 1913. Read also Philip A. Rollins's "The Cowboy: His Characteristics, His Equipment, and His Part in the Development of the West" (Scribner); Francis Rolt-Wheeler's "The Book of Cowboys" (Lothrop, Lee, & Shepard), the unusual and adventurous book about a "dude-ranch" and Easterners in the West, written by Struthers Burt, author of "The Interpreter's House" and called "The Diary of a Dude Wrangler" (Scribner), and for a climax, the stories in the vernacular by Will James, "Cowboys North and South" (Scribner), brilliantly illustrated by the author.

A. F. T., Joliet, Ill., asks for books of use to a student of portrait painting.

"THE Art Spirit," by Robert Henri (Lippincott, 1923), is a series of "notes, letters, and talks to students bearing on the concept and technique of picture-making, the study of art generally, and on appreciation." These have been taken down by Margery Ryerson during criticism and class-talks, and will be caught up by anyone who ever studied or wanted to study with Henri. Other books of recent publication bearing on this subject in one way or another are "Tone Relations in Painting," a text-book by Arthur Pope from the Harvard University Press, 1922; "The Painter's Palette: a theory of tone relations, an instrument of expression," by Denman Waldo Ross (Houghton Mifflin, 1919), author of the earlier volume from the same publisher, "On Drawing and Painting"; and Maximilian Toch's "How to Paint Permanent Pictures" (Van Nostrand, 1922); with the four-volume "History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting," by James Ward, published by Chapman & Hall, London, between 1913 and 1921.

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Points of View

Youth to Mr. Cabell

My dear Mr. Cabell:

It is a singularly beautiful and poignant discourse you have given us in "Straws and Prayer-Books." Those who will write about it elsewhere will speak of it as a collection of essays on literary matters, a series of intimate confessions, an estimate of other writers measured by your own limited criteria, and all the rest of the critical stock-in-trade. But I prefer to think of it as a Credo: an ultimate statement of your beliefs as a literary artist. For you endow this Credo with a religious zeal and fervor that raises it far above mere literary criticism and essay-writing.

It goes without saying that in so doing you, like every other person who preaches an intense religious conviction, immediately make a target of yourself. You know, of course, that in a nation which looks askance at the nobility of which art is born your beliefs are unspeakably heretical. For the one thing democracy refuses the individual is privacy; and I anticipate that the public at large will damn you for maintaining that the literary artist writes primarily for his own diversion, and that consequently his art is supremely his own business. This is the one anarchistic article of faith the public will not tolerate; for the public insists, in this as in other matters, on making everything, including art, the public's business.

And of course you yourself must foresee that your hypothesis about the artist's playthings will be viewed with alarm by all the professionally right-minded. By implication I read in your thesis not merely the avowedly childish toying with common-sense and piety and death, but frequently—again with a childish eagerness—a murderous vivisecting of these toys whose integrity is essential to the faith of the nation. And since in these somehow United States, alone of all countries of the world, the national faith is synonymous and coextensive with the national welfare, you may expect to be branded not only as a heretic, but as a traitor as well.

These tenets were, of course, implicit in all your earlier writings, and were heavily foreshadowed in "Beyond Life" and "The Cream of the Jest." Your essay on Mr. Hergesheimer had appeared elsewhere in a prohibitively priced edition, but in its present setting it has more pertinence as an illustration of one aspect of your creed: and thereby it is raised to an eminence far beyond that of mere literary criticism. And your private opinion of the author of "Jurgen" and "The Eagle's Shadow" is an opinion many of us have long suspected.

So that in actual novelty you give us, in these new pages, very little. But that little is, as you yourself state, a summing up, a rounding off, of the Biography. Whether such a colophon is justifiable at the age of forty-five is a question only you can answer. We who read and enjoy are grateful for this last gesture, disturbed only by the reflection that a biography finished with so close an approach to perfection is a little too good to be true: you yourself have repeatedly said that our lives and achievements are all too frequently left in the condition of the columns of figures on Koshchei's blackboard.

Then, too, whatever may have been your reasons for omitting footnotes on Mr. Gilbert Seldes and Mr. Upton Sinclair, I for one shall never quite understand why you let the name of Mr. Henry Ford slip by unannotated. . . . And in your list of the ten dullest authors, I am surprised that you include some who followed the paths you yourself advocate and applaud, whose work was an ambitious "gesture toward the stars," who were almost incessantly at war with then current notions of common-sense and piety, and whose lives and writings are "tales of high questing foiled." I refer to Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra and Walt Whitman and George Meredith and Friederich Nietzsche. . . .

And I am disturbed by your disparagements of the writings of the younger generation. These occur by implication rather than by direct reference, but they are there.

Well, we who are young have pet and private delusions about our own importance and about the glories, relative and absolute, of our generation and its achievements. And only by retaining them do we hope, according to the creed of your own Felix Kennaston, to remain eternally young and to see the fruition of our dreams. So we are undismayed by your belittlement of the New Poetry, for we see even in the verses of E. E. Cummings neither a pose of punctuation nor a transitory fad, but the most superb English lyricism since Keats. And we shall continue to glorify James Joyce and Dorothy Richardson and Eliot H. Paul and the other post-Cabellian gods of literature, since to us they are sincere artists whose uncompromising idealism is a very admirable "gesture toward the stars." This same youthful idealism five years ago saw in your own "Jurgen" neither the lewdness which delighted Mr. Sumner nor the boredom which put Professor Linn to sleep, but a similar large and upward gesture.

But I am making much ado about a few very trifling and obscure allusions you give us: and these departures from urbanity are slight, scattered, and negligible. Besides, I daresay you would be the first to admit that age—even middle age—has dimmed spectacles which render its vision incapable of the idealistically exalted (and quite possibly deluded) astigmatism of youth.

The important things are that you have written an artist's Credo that cannot possibly be of interest to anyone but artists; that, since the race of artists is small in numbers, you are content to face the prospect of meagre royalties and considerable and vociferous expressions of indignation and disapproval; and that, to you who are so unequivocally an artist, these matters will be supremely unimportant.

WALTER F. KOHN.

Chicago, Ill.

Rare Book Notes

BOOKS and manuscripts or typescripts of the late Joseph Conrad will be sold shortly at Hodgson's in London. The catalogue is now being prepared.

A collection of fifty-one bookplates by Edwin Gordon Craig, twenty-six in color and twenty-five in black and white, together with an essay on the bookplate and a complete check list of his work in this field, has been published in a limited edition of 250 copies by Chatto & Windus of London.

The Oxford University Press, by order of the trustees of the British Museum, has published a monograph on "The Lindisfarne Gospels" with three plates in colors and thirty-six in monochrome. The British Museum takes great pride in this, its noblest example of mediæval illumination, five centuries earlier than Magna Charta. Some of the decorations are still unfinished, their completion probably arrested by the death of the artist who had the work in hand. The story of this beautiful and historic manuscript makes one of the most romantic chapters in bibliographical history.

"Book Auction Records" of London celebrates its majority with Part I of Vol XXI, which contains 4,737 records and some interesting notes by the editor on the past, present and future of the publication. This is the first number published under the sole proprietorship of Henry Stevens, Son, & Stiles, who have made important typographical changes which will add to its usefulness. The heavier type now used for the names of authors and titles is a great improvement, rendering reference quicker and easier. This publication has been popular from its beginning on this side of the Atlantic and these improvements will increase its popularity.

The discovery of the lost papers of Conrad-Alexandre Gerard de Rayneval and their publication in France will be of immense importance to students of the Revolutionary War period. Gerard was the first plenipotentiary sent by France to the American Colonists who were fighting for their independence. From the spring of 1778 until the autumn of 1779, he was in close touch with the Continental Congress and with Washington in the field. He put into execution the treaties of commerce and alliance negotiated by Franklin in Paris. The early months of the alliance which brought victory are here described at first hand from the standpoint of a friendly observer, participant, and ally.

From London and New York come reports that the volume of rare books coming into the market, compared with the last five or six years, is diminishing. At the same time the number of collectors is increasing and the demand for rarities of all kinds is greater than ever before. This condition, sure to bring higher prices, will continue to attract much material into the auction rooms, but the steady drift of important collections into public libraries will steadily reduce the future supply. Ordinarily a demand tends to create a supply, but this is not true of rare books. Just what the collectors of the future will do is an interesting problem.

One of the most remarkable conditions in the auction market is the steady rise in value of autograph letters and manuscripts. Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett predicted some years ago that the time would come when the autograph of Button Gwinnett and Thomas Lynch, Jr., the rarest of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, would bring $10,000. It seemed impossible that this price would ever be reached for a single signature. And yet a Button Gwinnett signature was sold this season under the hammer for $14,000, a rise of $9,400 over the previous highest record. Autograph collecting is on the increase for several reasons: prices are steadily advancing which makes rare autographs well selected a good investment; a collection takes but little space and may easily be kept in a small safe; and finally collecting autograph letters and manuscripts has become fashionable. The attention given to the Morgan collection of English manuscripts at the New York Public Library, attracting thousands of visitors weekly, is an object lesson of the greatest significance.

The current rare book catalogue of Charles Scribner's Sons of this city, comprising 1,285 lots, some of which are very unusual and of great interest, is a very important issue. For instance, here is a complete set of the rare Japan paper edition of the Tudor Translations, 36 vols., 1892-1909, white vellum binding, $400; a full set of the publications of the Grolier Club from its founding to the present date, over 70 items, all in original binding, uncut, perfect condition, one of the finest of the few complete sets ever offered for sale, $2,700; and a copy of "Daniel's Voyage Round Great Britain Undertaken in the Summer of the Year 1813 and Commencing from the Lands-End, Cornwall," by Richard Ayton, with a series of views, over 300 large color plates, illustrative of the character and features of the coast, drawn and engraved by William Daniel, 8 vols., folio, morocco, London, 1814-25, an excessively rare work with the map in Vol. VIII which is seldom found in the set and one of the most beautiful colored plate books of this period, $1,500.

In the "Introduction" to his recent "Catalogue of an Exhibition of One Hundred Famous Books, Ancient and Modern, in First Editions," Ernest Dressel North writes: "Looking back over twenty-four years, one becomes aware of the gradual rise in prices paid for English literature. One might start even as late as the Hoe sale, thirteen years ago, and make comparisons between the prices then fetched and those which have prevailed during the last two seasons. Two notable instances of this advance are shown in the Arnold sale where the manuscript of Stevenson's 'Kidnapped,' which cost $1,500, fetched $10,000 and Gordon's 'History of the American Revolution,' 4 vols., London, 1788, George Washington's copy, which cost Mr. Arnold $1,600 and realized $4,100 at the sale. Tennyson's 'Enid and Nimue' cost a few shillings and fetched $2,000."

From the beginning of the publication of the Tudor Translations, the series has been popular with booklovers. Many of the titles were quickly exhausted on publication and have brought handsome premiums in the auction room. Under the editorship of Charles Whibley, who was associated with W. E. Henley in devising the series thirty years ago, Alfred A. Knopf has undertaken a second series. The first volume, "The Conspiracie of Cataline," by Sallust, translated by Thomas Heywood, 1608, has just been published, with an introduction by Mr. Whibley. The next volume to appear will be "The Rogue, or the Life of Guzman de Alfarache," by Matheo Aleman, with an introduction by James Fitzmaurice-Kelly. The new series will be uniform in appearance with the first series.

The Dunster House Bookshop at Cambridge, Mass., has just issued its fourth annual catalogue of first editions, mainly of modern American and English authors. About two hundred authors are represented, some by collections of importance. Of course, there are many rare items, but there are many good books that are no more costly than later less desirable issues. This catalogue is well printed and well arranged for reference use and is worth preserving.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

BEFORE AND AFTER THE HOLIDAYS

THE auction season in this country is divided into two well-defined parts—the half before the holidays, and that after them. Since the war, owing to the avalanche of rarities that have come into the market, the first half of the season has been used to try out the temper of collectors and the rare book trade, the remainder of the season depending upon the result.

This season the Arnold and Chew sales were looked forward to as furnishing a very thorough test of the auction market for genuine rarities. Not only were these sales remarkably successful, establishing many new high records, but there has not been a single session this season in any of the auction rooms at which rare books, autograph letters, or manuscripts of the first importance were offered that has not been successful. Evidently dealers and collectors are watching the sales very closely and can be depended upon to pay fair prices for anything really worthwhile that is offered to them.

Just what the remainder of the season has in store for us is not yet clear. It is a good time to sell. There is no doubt about that. But whether this condition will attract sales remains to be seen. January starts off well with several important sales, but there are few announcements as yet for the coming months. The unshakable stability of the rare book market under all conditions, as shown since the close of the war, is making collectors reluctant to part with their collections. As long as they are assured of good prices whenever they are ready to dispose of them, there is no particular reason why they should be in a hurry about it.

SALE OF RARE AMERICANA

AMERICANA, including a wide range of rare books, autograph letters and documents, the property of the late George E. Hoadley of Hartford, Conn.; John D. Lindsay of this city, and others, will be sold at the Anderson Galleries January 19, 20, and 21. The 783 lots include such extraordinary items as the original manuscript contract for the great chain across the Hudson River to prevent the British ascending the river, 1778; the first compiled laws of Arkansas Territory, 1835; California drawings, 1849 and later; first editions of early American fiction; Nathan Hale's account book, love poem to Alicia Ripley his betrothed; account of the siege of Ostend, with which is possibly the only contemporary engraving of Hudson's ship, "The Half Moon"; Hamilton's "The Farmer Refuted," 1775, written when only eighteen years of age; the rare Indian treaty with the Six Nations, held at Lancaster in June, 1744, printed by Benjamin Franklin; the first session laws of Iowa Territory, 1839; first compilation of the laws of Maryland with an unrecorded title page, 1727; the rare Maryland laws of 1728; the first number of the first Baltimore newspaper, *The Maryland Journal and the Baltimore Advertiser*; a collection of letters by, or relating to Joseph Bonaparte, mainly concerning his American affairs; rare New York Revolutionary broadsides; the first book printed in the North-West Territory, Cincinnati, 1796; the first code of Oregon, 1851; manuscript journal of a voyage from Georgia to California, 1852; the rare American edition of the proceedings of the Congress of 1766 protesting against the Stamp Act; the rare journal of the House of Representatives of Tennessee, 1805; journal of the council of the first legislative assembly of Wisconsin, one of the earliest specimens of Wisconsin printing, 1836, and scores of other items of similar rarity.

WHAT IS AN ORIGINAL MS.?

THE query as to what is an original manuscript is growing in importance as the interest in and value of manuscripts advance. *The Bookman's Journal* has undertaken to answer this query in its current issue. It says:

"Questions of first or second or later issues of first editions are always with us; but, with typewriters clicking out several copies of the same work in every author's study, has not the time come to lay down what shall constitute an 'original MS'? Of course, any MS. written or corrected in the hand of its author is original in one sense, but we mean original in the sense of the 'first.' The problem was with us before the age of typewriters. There is usually more than one manuscript of any literary work; a first draft, a second draft, perhaps more drafts, and then the final MS.—if any MS. be ever final! If, as in the case, the first separately-printed form is the one given to the public, why should it not be understood that the MS. from which the first printed version was printed is the 'original MS'? The recent sale in America of the MS. of Stevenson's poem, 'Requiem,' with the words as first printed, may point a moral; an earlier and inferior MS. version was printed only a few years ago. There can be no doubt here which one should be called the original MS."

NOTES AND COMMENT

EMORY HALLOWAY'S new inclusive edition of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is a volume that Whitman collectors will want in the original issue. This volume is admirably edited and well printed and for the first time gives a full and final text.

"The Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff and His Friends," first published in 1796, have been reprinted direct from old style Caslon type in a limited edition of 720 numbered copies by Harper & Brothers. The original edition is rare, only several copies of which are in existence. The New York Public Library has a copy which lacks a frontispiece. There is another copy in the British Museum. Charles Lamb and James White, according to Southey, were joint authors.

One of the most limited of special editions is the Airdale, two-copy edition of "Where the Blue Begins," handsomely bound by the French Binders. One of these copies with the special proofs of the Rackham illustrations tipped in and an autographed preface by Christopher Morley is owned by James F. Drake, the rare book dealer, the other by a collector with an interesting private library. As Mr. Drake never sells books autographed to him, neither of the books is likely to find its way into the book markets.

THE question has frequently been asked of late as to what effect the new biographies of Robert Louis Stevenson, severely critical as to his literary work and personal conduct in his early years, will have on collectors who have been paying big prices for his first editions and manuscripts. There is no indication that Stevenson will lose any of his popularity among collectors on either side of the Atlantic.

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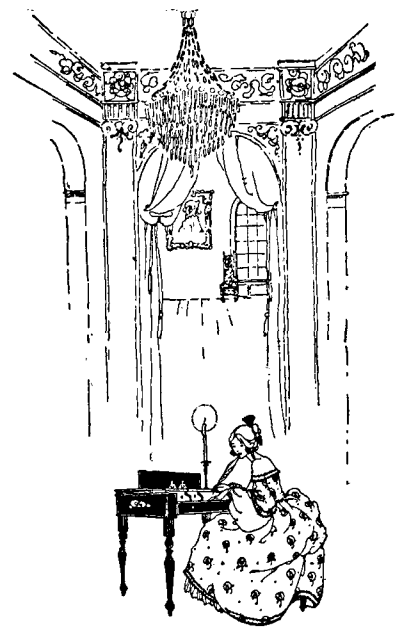

~Mr. Samuel Butler came to call ~ ~ ~

"Aunt Anny's wit was so lightly lambent that often people missed her points. Samuel Butler came to call upon her one day soon after his Authoress of the Odyssey (which insists that that book was written by a woman) had been published. He told her that he was at work upon a book on Shakespeare's sonnets. He was, however, only bewildered at her saying, "Oh, Mr. Butler, do you know my theory about the sonnets? They were written by Anne Hathaway!" It was not she who repeated this story, but the author of Erewhon. He never saw that she was laughing at him, and used to tell it, shaking his head sadly and saying, "Poor lady, that was a silly thing to say."

A NINETEENTH CENTURY CHILDHOOD
by Mary Mac Carthy

We do not know how you could start the new year happier than by reading this charming short autobiography of Mrs. Mac Carthy's.

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The Phoenix Nest

A NEW type of American biography has decidedly struck our fancy. We have followed absorbedly his own life story as told by *James J. Corbett;* we have welcomed *Marie Dressler,* and latterly *George M. Cohan,* in their odd and interesting histories of themselves. But the pick of the heap, in many ways, is *Felix Isman's "Weber & Fields*: Their Tribulations, Triumphs and Their Associates."

Here is the apotheosis of the Broadway comedian, here the epic of the slapstick, the history of the American Music Hall's golden age. A great ballad might be written about Broadway, expressing in its crazy sky-signs, its eight o'clock splendor and its Sunday afternoon tawdriness and one-horse-townedness, so much of the urban soul of the United States; and any such ballad must draw for color and glamour upon the age of *Oscar Hammerstein* and the triumph of Weber and Fields.

Who of true Americans does not recall as a vivid memory that great Dutch knock-about act with its extraordinary evolution of idiom:

MIKE: I received a letter from mein goil, but I don't know how to writteninin her back.

MYER: Writeninin her back! Such an ed*umuncation yu got it? Writteninin her back!* You mean rotteninin her back. How can you answer her ven you don't know how to write?

MIKE: Dot makes no nefer mind. She don't know how to read.

So went the at-one-time convulsing lines that Felix Isman recalls to us, so progressed the tongue-tangling backtalk that introduced into American stage humor a fresh and lively element. Weber and Fields created a new comic world. They stamped their own brand of born foolishness as deeply upon the American consciousness as Lewis Carroll in "Alice in Wonderland" impressed his nonsense upon the minds of the English speaking world. In the days when there were crowns of thorns, as Mr. Isman reminds us, and crosses of gold, "full dinner pails and honest money; free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one; leather lungs and flambeau clubs," Weber and Fields opened their own Music Hall on the Great White Way. The movie was then beginning as the kineopticon, John Wanamaker and Hearst had come to town, we sang "Put Me Off at Buffalo!", danced the two-step, and viewed "The Yellow Kid" in the Sunday papers. The Weber and Fields burlesques were unique. They took hold. They farced the dramatic hits of the day; not particularly wisely nor too well, but they imbued New York with a certain salutory self-consciousness about its drama.

Mr. Isman recapitulates the state of the American theatre in the early 80's. Recently, in the Revival of *Anna Cora Mowat's* "Fashion" modern New Yorkers have had a chance to appraise what "was hailed in the 40's as a bit of realism, a fresh wind in the theater, indicating how banal the usual fare of our largest city's stage must have been." That fare remained often incredibly banal long after the Civil War, but in the 80's "a group of men and women began to push their way up from the beer gardens, the dime museums, the honkytonks and the variety saloons, bringing something racy of the soil and characteristically American."

Pete Dailey had made his début at the Globe Museum, "the first of nut comedians," the pioneer of a stock vaudeville type. It was Broadway *via* the Bowery for many. The Weber and Fields Music Hall could boast *Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Bessie Clayton,* Weber and Fields, Warfield, *De Wolfe Hopper, Kelly, Ross* and a chorus of forty-two. As Mr. Inman says, if *Elsie Janis, Fannie Brice, Will Rogers, Ed Wynn, Joe Cook, W. C. Fields* and *Walter Catlett* could today be got on one stage, together with a "Follies" chorus, you might have a modern approximation.

The evolution of "The Follies," he avers, legitimately succeeded Weber and Fields, and he links the rise of Weber and Fields quite definitely with the rise of the drama in America. Just how far this connection can be stretched is a matter for argument, but the burgeoning of American musical comedy into the present spectacular display of "The Follies" is certainly a large and important chapter in the history of the American Theatre.

No form of American humor is more characteristic than the quick-line of the vaudevillian. From such repartee come the catch-words and retorts taken up all over the country, lines full of phrases that pass into what *Mr. Mencken* regards as the American Language. Weber and Fields were early adventurers with the quick-line, and they evolved a colloquial style as strongly and strangely American, and as individual, as the style of *Mark Twain,* though, of course, it demands the action suited to the word and does not survive examination in the study.

Weber and Fields formed a new art of clowning. They are in the tradition, we will venture, of *Triboulet* and his ilk. After all, in America, the Mass is Monarch, and demands its jesters. The notable thing about Shakespeare's fools is the shrewd wisdom mixed with their folly. And, though we be convicted of *lèse majesté,* we believe that this is the essence of the appeal of all great stage clowning, through Weber and Fields to Ed Wynn. Behind the balderdash one senses a particularly canny native wit, and native wit is the medicinal herb we all turn to with relief after confrontation by the insoluble riddles posed by philosophy and metaphysics. Many a highbrow, be it whispered, finds relief from tortuous speculation in the farcical explosion of some particular bit of buncombe accomplished casually by the knockabout grinner-through-a-horse collar, in a padded wig. There are still latent in our variety shows those "thunders of laughter clearing air and heart" that *Meredith* speaks of in connection with *Shakespeare.*

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